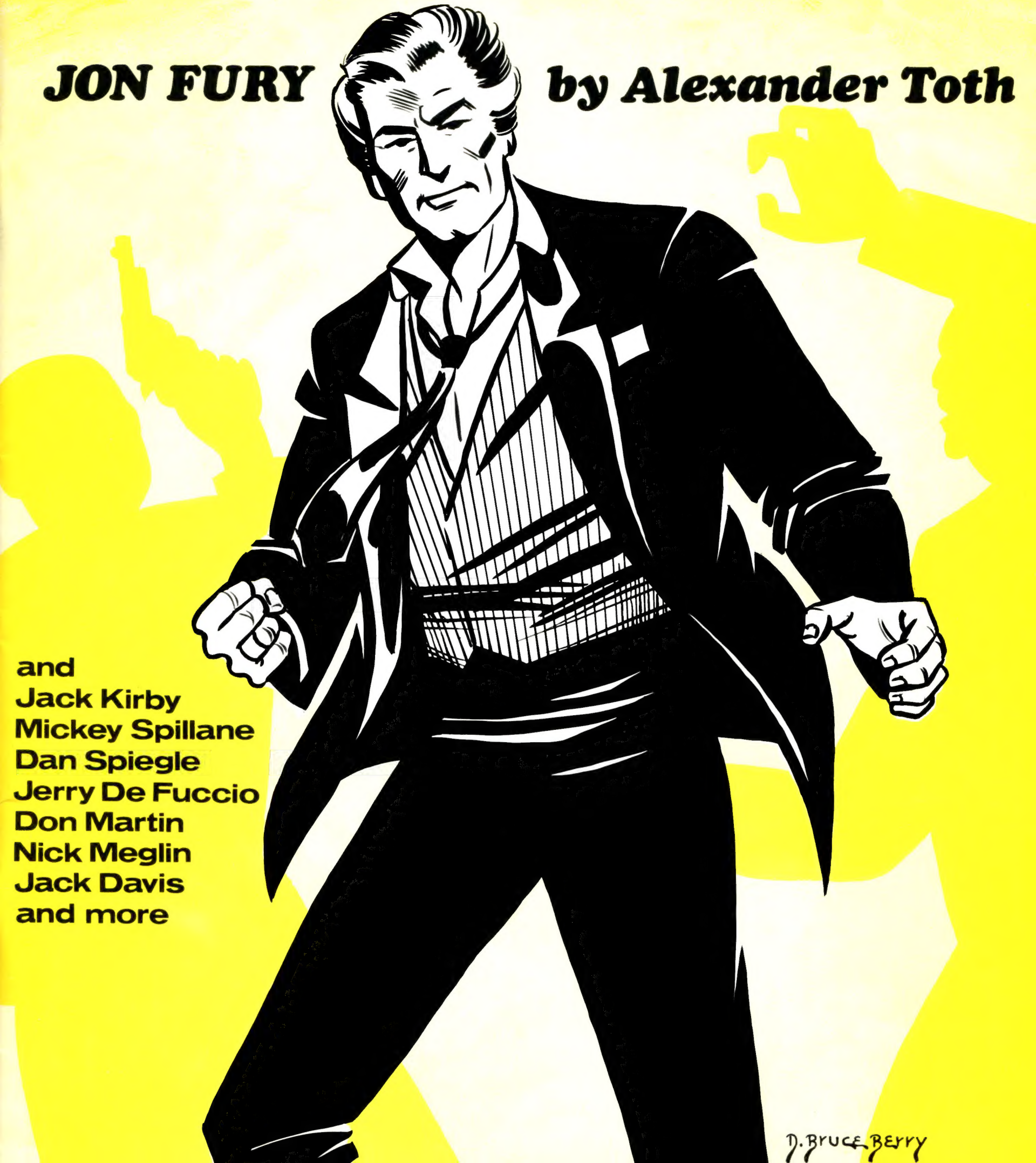
WONDERWORLD

the world of the graphic story · november · seventy-five cents

JON FURY by Alexander Toth



and
Jack Kirby
Mickey Spillane
Dan Spiegle
Jerry De Fuccio
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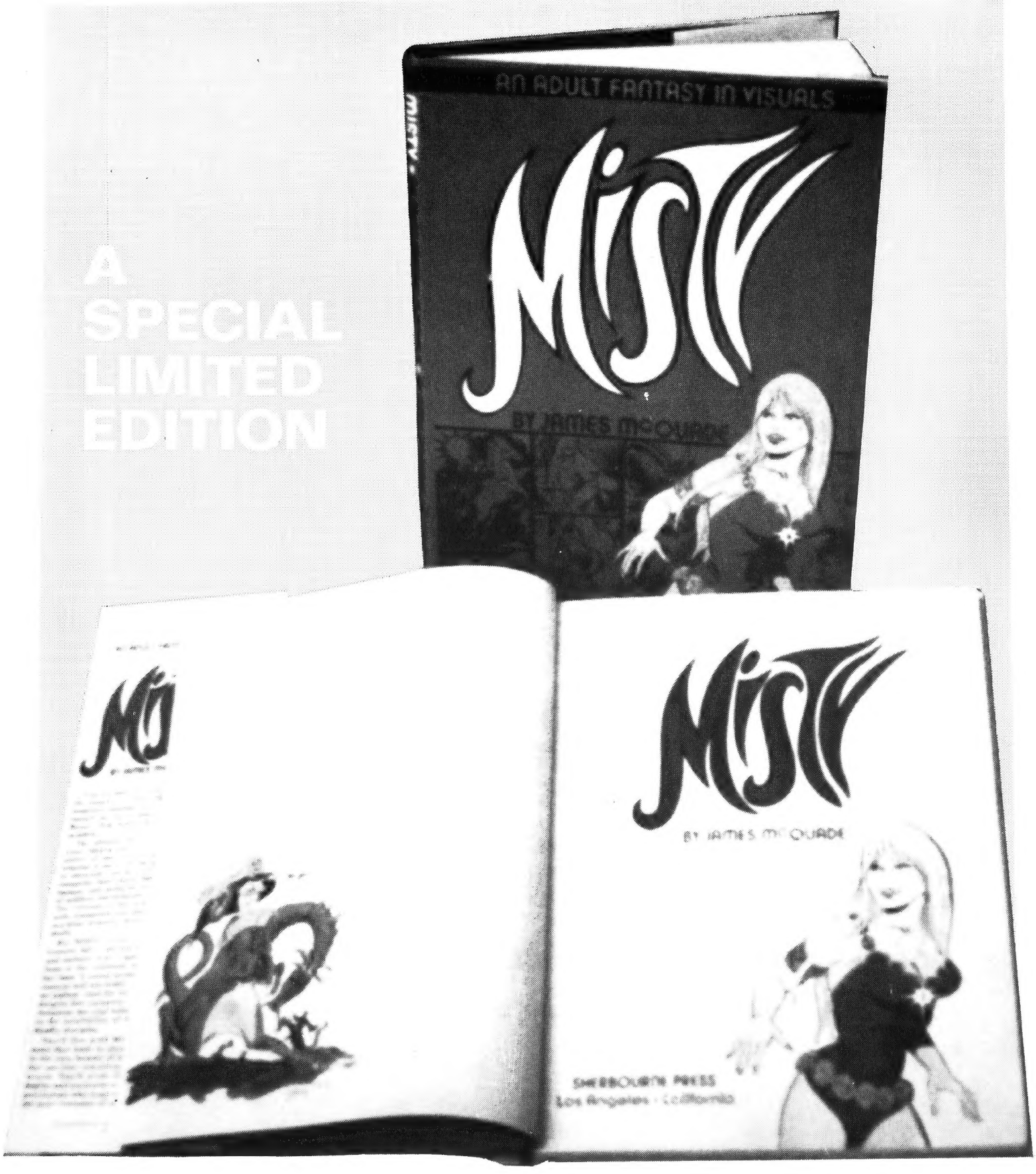
Jack Davis
and more

A SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION



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announcing...
GRAPHIC STORY quarterly

ALREADY SCHEDULED FOR THE FIRST AND FORTHCOMING ISSUES...

INTERVIEWS: "An Interview with Milton Caniff," conducted by Shel Dorf, with special notes by Milton Caniff – perhaps the finest and most revealing work about the great creator of "Terry and the Pirates," "Dickie Dare," "Miss Lace," and "Steve Canyon" in two decades, fully illustrated, and including newly discovered early illustrations that have been lost for forty years . . . Interviews with all the significant underground comix creators . . . Interviews with the leading professional comic book writers and artists . . . And interviews with the most gifted talents emerging from comics fandom . . .

ARTICLES: "The True and Authentic Origin of Spider-Man." Steve Sherman tells the *full* story for the first time, with pages of artwork by one of yesterday's, and now today's, greatest cartoonists . . . Fred Patten's in-depth, lavishly illustrated study of Belgium's full-color, slick paper, weekly graphic story magazine *Tintin* – which has just been selected as "Best Comic Book" at LUCCA 8, Europe's most prestigious convention of professionals and fans . . . And many more, now in preparation . . .

COLUMNS: Jerry De Fuccio's "Gallery," a fine new column by one of the leading editors, writers, historians, collectors – and fans – in the comics world, featuring brand-new strips (with Al Jaffee, to begin things), nostalgic notes on the EC Comics era (with an immense double-page drawing, never before published, of *all* the Harvey Kurtzman war comics crew by John Severin), anecdotes (about almost everyone in comics), and so much more that there is no space to describe it all . . . "The Book World," conducted by Fred Patten, featuring *full* reviews and reports on all the latest books in the field, in the U.S. and around the world, with criticism and commentary by international writers . . . And more . . .

FEATURES: The "Command Performance" series, created and annotated by Jerry De Fuccio, and drawn by the greats of the Golden Age of Comic Books, as they recreate in multi-panel pages the comic book heroes that made them famous – Fred Guardineer, Tony DiPreta, Bob Fuji, Klaus Nordling, and many, many more. It is sure to become a classic series . . .

GRAPHIC STORIES: "Earth," a Lone Sloane story by France's (and the world's) Philippe Druillet, the *first* English translation of this extraordinary creator's work . . . A *fine* new science fiction story by Lt. Blueberry's Jean Giraud, drawing as "Gyr," published in English for the first time . . . A "lost" story by Tintin's creator, Hergé . . . And more . . .

GRAPHIC STORY will feature *everything* you have hoped to read about in the entire comics field, and more.

The Graphic Story Press is proud to announce publication of America's first* professional *magazine devoted to* all *aspects of the graphic story – comic books, newspaper strips, underground comix, the growing field of magazine strips, hardcover books and paperbound editions, the international graphic story, yesterday's comics world – and tomorrow's.

Designed, typeset, printed and published to meet the highest professional standards, we believe that GRAPHIC STORY, the Quarterly of the Graphic Story Arts, is the most important and exciting new magazine since the founding of comics fandom.

––Richard Kyle and Fred Patten, Editors and Publishers
GRAPHIC STORY, the Quarterly of the Graphic Story Arts

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THE EDITOR'S TABLE

WONDER

TRADITIONALLY, the graphic story world—the newspaper comic strip, the animated film, and the comic book story—has been a children's world. And yet, most of the best of the newspaper strips and the animated films and the comic books are not really for children

Charles Schulz' "Peanuts" is a kid strip, but it's not for kids. "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic" aren't for children. "Fantasia" was never meant to be. A young audience buys the Marvel and National comic books, but without adult readers the circulations of their most successful magazines would plummet. And it is becoming increasingly evident that most comic book writers and artists are finding it difficult to continue to write and draw juvenile stories.

And yet tradition says that comics are "just for kids."

In this issue, we're featuring three graphic stories, "Jon Fury in Japan," by Alex Toth, originally drawn for an Army newspaper, Nick Meglin & Jack Davis' "Superfan," created for an adult sports audience, and "Penn and Chris," Dan Spiegle's fine historical adventure serial, appearing here for the first time anywhere. "Jon Fury" had to satisfy an adult readership, and so did "Superfan." "Penn and Chris" centers around two young boys, but so do *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, and Spiegle's adult characters are as fully motivated.

As Max Collins writes in this issue, Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer was originally conceived as a comic book character, only to eventually appear—after the immense success of the novels—as a newspaper strip hero. Harvey Kurtzman's war "comics," discussed in John Benson's "Between the Panels," made no concessions to a juvenile audience. William Gaines, celebrated by Jerry De Fuccio and Don Martin further on, publishes a magazine with a huge adult readership—and the recent *Mad* exhibition at Yale was an immense success.

"Jon Fury," "Superfan," "Penn and Chris," "Mike Hammer," Harvey Kurtzman's humanistic war stories, *Mad* magazine's satires and parodies—a strange assortment of "children's stories."

And yet we still hear that comics are "just for kids," and although no one has ever attempted to publish an adult graphic story magazine, traditional wisdom is that it could never succeed.

Why? No one ever says.

IF THAT WISDOM were true, however, this magazine would not exist. From the beginning, we have published *WONDERWORLD* for an adult readership, and our articles and reviews and stories have reflected that. And *WONDERWORLD* has been successful.

Because of its success, a new series of magazines and books is coming into being, and *WONDERWORLD* itself will be transformed.

In our last issue, and now in this, you've seen the announcement of *Graphic Story Quarterly*, the first Graphic Story Press publication, and the first professional American magazine devoted to the graphic story in all its aspects. *Graphic Story* is now in production. Contents for the first issue have been scheduled, and the lead features for the second have been selected. By the time you read this, most of the copy for the first *Graphic Story* will be set in type. I urge you to take advantage of our low pre-publication subscription rates, which can be offered only this once. Immediately upon publication, single copy costs will become $1.50, and a year's subscription will be $5.00. *Graphic Story* will be a bargain at that price, but it's a far greater bargain now.

And on the back cover of this issue, you've probably seen our announcement of the most exciting—and significant—graphic story hardback ever published in the U.S., George Metzger's extraordinary *Beyond Time and Again*. This will be a landmark book, not only for the Graphic Story Press, but for the entire book world, as well. Although there have been comic art books of importance in the past, in the main they have been satirical, or reprints from newspaper strips, or reprints of comic book stories intended—at least in part—for children. *Beyond Time and Again* is a graphic novel, a mature story, written and drawn for a mature audience—the first of several books of every kind that we will publish, each for the mature graphic story reader, each meeting the standards of the finest films, novels, and plays.

And in the immediate future, we will announce *Quest*, the world's *first* graphic story magazine for the mature reader, with stories written and drawn by the world's leading graphic story writers and artists—stories of a kind (and a length) no children's comic book could ever publish. For *Quest*, we have already purchased the American rights to a complete graphic novel by two of Europe's leading creators—a superbly crafted story of the Old West, masterully drawn and skillfully written in the authentic Western tradition. And original stories of a kind never before seen in the graphic story—anywhere in the world—are now in preparation.

There is a time for everything. Now is the time for the graphic story. The publishing Establishment still looks only to the past, but with your support I am confident that we all can create together what traditional "wisdom" says cannot be done—graphic stories as artistically and commercially successful as those of any other of the great arts.

THE NEXT ISSUE of *WONDERWORLD*—which will follow this issue *very* soon—features two exceptional science fiction graphic stories, full coverage of the *Mexican* Conan the Barbarian comic book, the exciting completion of Alex Toth's "Jon Fury in Japan"—and much more. And a special announcement about *WONDERWORLD* for 1974 and the *new* stories you'll be reading here. Please be with us.

—RICHARD KYLE

WORLD

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© 1963 Colorama Features

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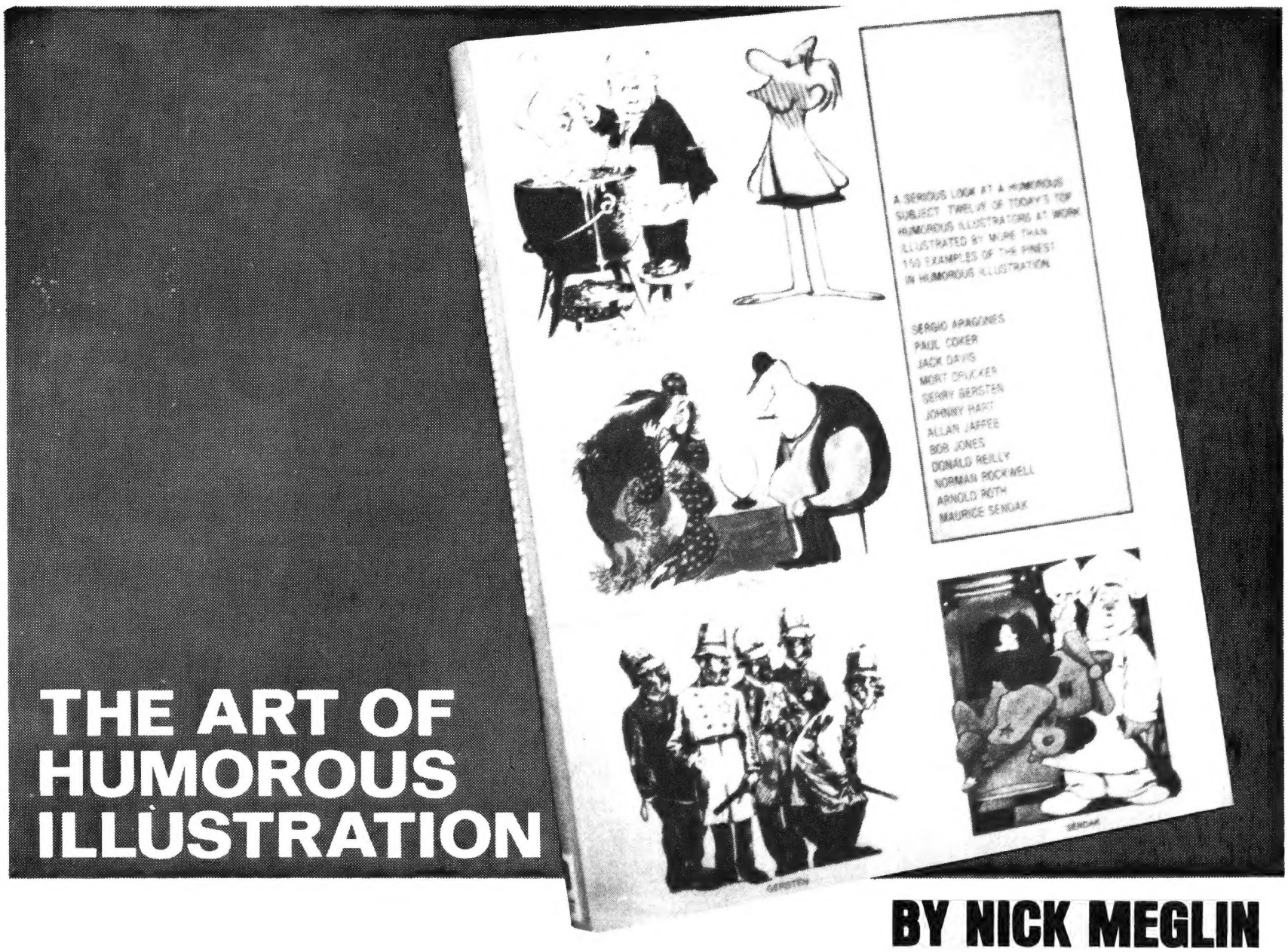

THE ART OF HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATION

BY NICK MEGLIN

Humorous illustration is a lively art, as varied in attitude as in means of execution. For the illustrator who specializes in humor or the artist who wishes to refine that aspect of his work, the problem of translating a comic point of view into a graphic reality is vital. The illustrators in this book, whose work appears in comic strips, magazines, paperbacks, books, greeting cards, and on television, explain how they manage to capture on paper the spontaneity, the essence, of their particular brands of wit.

Humorous illustration demands a firm art foundation and discipline, as well as a fertile—and sometimes zany—imagination and considerable technical expertise. The twelve highly successful artists represented here offer a remarkably diverse sampling of subject matter, technique, and approach. This behind-the-scenes look at their lives and work explores the unique creative process of each.

Each artist explains how he works in a variety of mediums—pen and ink, pencil, tempera, watercolor—with an analyses of tools and techniques. They discuss how they create and render cartoon figures, caricatures, animals, "serious" humorous illustrations, gag and panel cartoons, advertisements, and illustrations for children's books. The significance of related comic media—film, entertainment, pantomime, circus—is also discussed.

The Art of Humorous Illustration represents the following artists: Sergio Aragones, Paul Coker, Jack Davis, Mort Drucker, Gerry Gersten, Johnny Hart, Allan Jaffee, Bob Jones, Donald Reilly, Norman Rockwell, Arnold Roth, and Maurice Sendak. The reader will meet them at work, as they gather source material, as they reveal their working habits, and as they prepare their work for the commercial market. The delightful cross-section of illustrations offers a vast range of styles, techniques, and mediums, providing a treasure trove for the professional artist and the aspirant alike—and a sheer joy for the lay admirer.

160 pages. 8¼ x 11. Over 150 black and white illustrations. Index. $11.95

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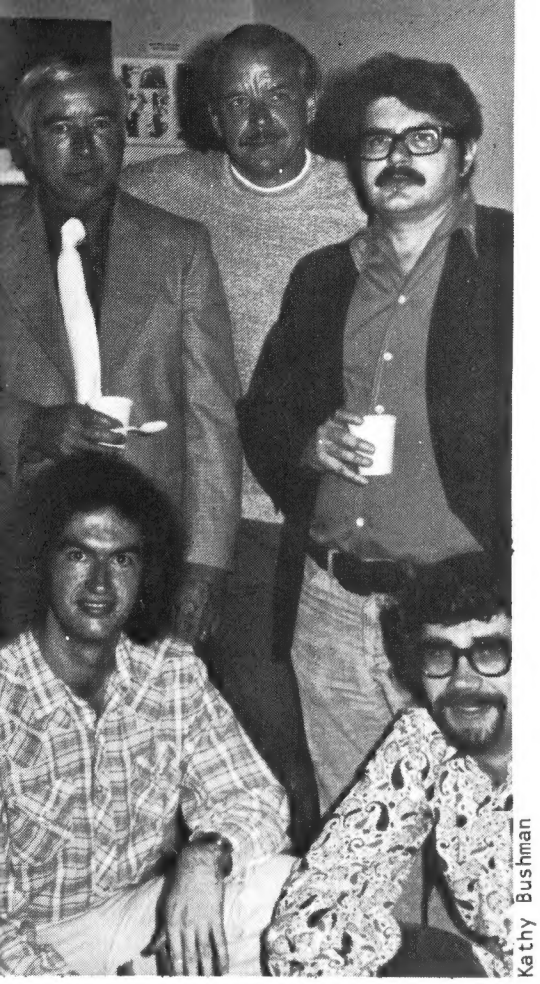


Kathy Bushman

At the grand opening of the Graphic Story Bookshop: Dan Spiegle, Russ Manning, James McQuade (standing); Bil Stout, and Mike Royer.

Nick Meglin in his "Superfan" writing attire.

John Putnam

THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE WONDERWORLD

Dan Spiegle at work.

Many of the people who make our wonderworld attended the grand opening of Graphic Story Bookshop's new "walk - in" store in Long Beach. DAN and MARIE SPIEGLE (who drove all the way down from their home in Carpinteria), Tarzan's RUSS MANNING and his family (the second album is nearly ready) and BIL STOUT (in addition to drawing his own stories, Bil is coloring the new Tarzan book), MIKE ROYER (now on his own, writing, pencilling, and inking a new comic book from Gold Key, as well as pencilling and inking for Marvel), D. BRUCE BERRY (our new art editor and Jack Kirby's new inker), *Misty*'s JAMES McQUADE, "Super - Goof," "Road Runner," "Woody Woodpecker," and "Scooby Doo" scripter MARK EVANIER (whose new underground comic book, *High Adventure*, published by Krupp, with stories by Royer and Star Trek's Robert Kline, is doing very well), science fiction writer THEODORE STURGEON and his family, STEVE SHERMAN (editorial assistant to Jack Kirby, writer of "The True and Authentic Origin of Spider-Man" for the forthcoming *Graphic Story Quarterly*, which reveals C. C. Beck's contribution to Spidey's saga for the first time), lovely LESLIE KAY SWIGART (author of the ultimate bibliography, *Harlan Ellison: a Bibliographical Checklist*), TENY and BERNIE ZUBER (Bernie lettered our Bernard Prince tale last issue and is a Gold Key regular), photographer KATHY BUSHMAN, graphic story scholar DREW SANDERS, and a legion more...

DAN SPIEGLE's "Penn and Chris," which Dan writes as well as draws, has created great interest in Europe—and the current issue of *Phenix*, France's leading magazine devoted to comic art, singles it out for especial praise...

Opera News contributor NICK MEGLIN — he both writes and draws for them — also dabbles in other fields from time to time: Associate Editor of *Mad*, humor writer for tv, paperbacks, recordings, and for entertainers, author of Watson - Guptill's *On-the-Spot Drawings* and the new *Art of Humorous Illustration*, teacher of illustration at the School of Visual Arts, New York, and a contributor of profiles to *American Artist*...

MAX COLLINS, author of "Mickey Spillane: Graphic Story-Teller," knows his business. Author of *Blood Money* and *Bait Money* for Curtis (two outstanding mysteries with comic art elements) and *Mallory* and *Ripped-Off*, he is a long-time comics fan—and a teacher of English at an Iowa community college. His article may be the first serious commentary on the craft of Mickey Spillane, the most successful writer of our time... WW

About JON FURY...

"JON FURY WAS CREATED back in the late '40s, and I, in my youthful naivete, intended to sell him as 'Sunday page only.' I had title, logo, storylines, sketches, and formats for page designs all worked up—but soon, caught up in heavier comic book workload, 'Jon Fury,' like many other original adventure strip 'workups,' was filed away for 'future use.'

"Years later, 1955, I found myself in the U.S. Army, in Tokyo, Japan. The Art Editor post on our camp newspaper was created so that I might lend a hand. The weekly was 8-pages, printed on multigraph machines, 600 copies at a time, and it had one artist—a Japanese civilian employed to redraw the logo each issue and letter new article headlines!

"Out of 'need'—the paper's and my own—I drew all sorts of gag, editorial, and service cartoons to dress up the pages of typed columns. Remembering 'Jon,' I set out to recreate him and to write and draw a 16-week storyline, one full page a week. WAC Capt. 'Millie' McNulty, our adjutant, gave me an okay on my presentation—and I went off to work out ways and means of drawing the strip for the multigraph process...

"I discovered that I'd have to draw print size, about 6" x 9", and in multigraph pencil on wax-surfaced multigraph paper!

"Terrible news, this! Erasures ruined the wax layer ... thus, I blue-penciled as lightly as possible, and then used the multigraph pencil for the 'finish'—a disaster! As the first five weekly pages will show. I kept badgering 'Omi,' the staff artist, and the gang in the press room to suggest an ink that would allow me the use of my rapidograph pens. But I was told that inked drawings on the wax-surfaced paper would 'lift' and 'tear' the images, and we'd have to discard the original before the end of our 600 print run. Damn!

"I borrowed a jug of press ink, and began to mix up varying proportions of it and the Pelikan font ink I normally used in my rapidograph, to find a balanced mixture thick enough to flow through my pen without fouling the very thin ink valve inside!

"After many tries and a few ruined pens I hit it!

"Test runs proved it worked without 'tearing up' the drawn image—on 50-odd prints. But would it work for our 600 print run? We had to chance it, as time was too short for longer test runs. So — we did it! I can't remember if it was the fifth or sixth page that was the first 'inked' job ... but the change is noticable. My pen was fine-line, and allowed me detail and lettering consistency impossible to achieve with the multigraph pencil of yore. So one more wrinkle was ironed out! In the year I wrote and drew 'Jon Fury,' my pens were corroded by the creosote-base press ink, and I went through many of 'em—all at my own expense.

"Re: That year. It was one of the happiest, most fulfulling years in memory, for the strip was well - received by the men on our post, and was the first item read by them at evening chow on Fridays—our distribution day. (And 'Jon Fury' won our paper two consecutive awards for entertainment features in the annual Department of Defense service-wide newspaper competition!)

"I was delighted with the men's good-natured comments, pro and con, and their questions about 'next week,' etc., while in that evening mess—and I felt assured about writing my own continuity, on a 'demand deadline' basis. (I remember writing about six weeks' dialogue / scene description on one very happy day. This was in the second 16-week adventure, wherein I first introduced 'The Fox.') My flurries of writing, since then, have been few and far between—my eternal frustration, in fact!

"I loved every minute of it, tough or easy, from day to day, between my other duties on the paper. I was taking on much more responsibility for the work previously assigned to our civilian artist, and the added job of Non - Com PIO, covering and writing news stories in and relating to our service life, working with Army photographers, and so on, all chewed up most of my 8-to-5 time—and necessitated many long nights on the board to keep ol' 'Jon' on deadline!

"The period of the mid-'50s had an idiom so different from today's. Thus, my writing in 'Jon Fury' reflects some of it. The world was younger, so was I—both a bit less jaded that we are today. The Korean War had cooled down, and prospects of all kinds, for all of us, then, seemed brighter. I fancied 'Jon Fury' sold, syndicated, and successful—but he just didn't make it. And other American Indians, like 'Jon,' didn't either. In war, in peace...or in print!"

ALEX TOTH

INTRODUCING...

JON FURY

...IN JAPAN

BY PFC ALEXANDER TOTH '55

FIFTY MILES OFF THE SOUTHEAST COAST OF JAPAN DRONES A MIGHTY TRANSCONTINENTAL AIRLINER BOUND FOR TOKYO, AND BEARING AMONG ITS' MANY PASSENGERS...

ONE JON FURY, AGE 33, RANGER IN WORLD WAR II — AND OF LATE, A SUCCESSFUL HOLLYWOOD PUBLISHER...

JON'S MISSION? TO FIND HIS TWIN BROTHER, DIRK, WHO TOOK HIS DISCHARGE FROM SERVICE IN JAPAN THREE MONTHS AGO FOR REASONS UNKNOWN...

NOT HAVING HEARD FROM HIM SINCE, JON SEEKS THE MOTIVE FOR DIRK'S ACTIONS -- AND TOO, SEEKS DIRK!

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, PLEASE! AND NO SMOKING SIR—!

OH, YES! SORRY, MISS!

MINUTES LATER, THE POWERFUL SHIP BEGINS ITS' FINAL LANDING APPROACH... DROPPING SWIFTLY...

TO MAKE ITS' TOUCHDOWN — AT TOKYO'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...

WHERE JON, ONCE AGAIN, SETS FOOT ON FOREIGN SOIL... IN TOKYO, THE CITY WHICH HOLDS GREAT DANGER FOR JON FURY!!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...

the ADVENTURES of...

jon FURY ...in JAPAN

PFC ALEXANDER TOTH, '53

ARRIVING IN JAPAN TO FIND HIS TWIN BROTHER, DIRK, JON HAS CHECKED IN AT THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, WHERE HE AWAITS WORD FROM 'STARS and STRIPES' JOURNALIST SHAD PORTER WHO HAS BEEN AIDE-DE-CAMP FOR JON IN HIS SEARCH.. AND IS A CLOSE FRIEND TO BOTH BROTHERS! NOW, SUDDENLY...

RRRR

the ADVENTURES of...

Jon FURY ...in JAPAN

by PFC ALEXANDER TOTH '55

JON, WITH WRITER SHAD PORTER, IS ENROUTE TO MEET HIS BROTHER DIRK'S FIANCÉE, GAYE ALLEN...

WHAT SORT OF A GIRL IS SHE, SHAD?

VERY BLOND, BRIGHT.. AND BEAUTIFUL, OLD BOY!

MINUTES LATER...

HI, GAYE.. THIS IS..!

DIRK!!

YOU'VE COME BACK! OH HOLD ME CLOSE, MY DARLING..CLOSE!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DIRK? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?.. ARE YOU..? NO.. IT CAN'T BE... Y-YOU'RE NOT...

I-I'M SORRY, GAYE.. WE SHOULD HAVE PHONED YOU FIRST! I'M JON FURY... DIRK'S TW..!

CATCH HER, JON! SHE'S FAINTING.

I'VE GOT HER—! POOR KID... SHOCKED HER INTO... WAIT!! SHAD!!

THAT'S IT!! THE WAY TO DIRK, SHAD..

WH—? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, JON?

GAYE MISTOOK ME FOR DIRK, SHAD — HIS OWN FIANCEE!!

YES..YES? I STILL CAN'T..

DON'T YOU SEE? IF SHE DID, SO WILL OTHERS WHO KNOW DIRK!! ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW A TRAIL OF SURPRISED, SHOCKED, OR FRIENDLY FACES...! THEY MUST EVENTUALLY LEAD ME TO HIM... AND THEY WILL!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...

THE ADVENTURES of

JON FURY ...IN JAPAN

by PAL ALEXANDER TOTH, 195

JON HAS FOUND THE KEY TO FINDING HIS MISSING TWIN BROTHER, DIRK — THAT OF USING HIS RESEMBLANCE TO HIM!! JON WALKS THROUGH TOKYO'S STREETS.. KEEPING ALERT FOR A SIGN OF RECOGNITION FROM THE PASSERSBY.. THREE DAYS PASS, WITH NO LEADS.. ON THE FOURTH, HE HAS LUNCH WITH DIRK'S FIANCEE, GAYE ALLEN, WHO IS DISTRAUGHT OVER HIS INEXPLICABLE DISAPPEARANCE...

YES, JON! I'M SURE IT WILL WORK!

IMPERIAL

CONSIDERING HOW EVEN I MISTOOK YOU FOR DIRK.. I WAS SO SURE YOU...

I-I KNOW, GAYE! FORGIVE ME FOR STARTLING YOU THE OTHER DAY... IT WAS THOUGHTLESS OF ME TO CAUSE YOU SUCH ANXIETY!

OH, JON - PLEASE BE CAREFUL! I WANT DIRK BACK, BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOSE MY FUTURE BROTHER-IN-LAW IN THE PROCESS!!

NEVER FEAR, LITTLE GAYE! DIRK AND I WILL SOON BE DUSTING OFF OUR OL' BLUE SERGES FOR YOUR BIG DAY— WAIT!! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!!!

JON!! WHAT IS IT?

YOU, THERE — I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.. WAIT, SIR — SHY, EH? VERY WELL, THEN -

NOW, THEN, MY ELUSIVE FRIEND, A FEW QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS..

TAKE YOUR PAWS FROM ME, SIR!! YOU ACT LIKE A MADMAN! QUICKLY!!

YOU KNOW MY FACE.. YOU KNOW DIRK!! NOW WHERE IS HE? TALK!

SUMO! SUMO!

JON!! BEHIND YOU!!

WHA-? UKK..

KRAK!!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK ●

THE ADVENTURES OF ...

JON FURY ...in JAPAN

by PFC ALEXANDER TOTH '55

JON HAS FOUND WHAT HE BELIEVES TO BE A LEAD IN HIS SEARCH FOR HIS TWIN BROTHER, DIRK, IN THE APPEARANCE OF A SINISTER 'FAT MAN', WHO STARED VICIOUSLY AT JON DURING HIS LUNCH DATE WITH GAYE ALLEN AT THE IMPERIAL ... ALERT, JON ROSE TO QUESTION HIM, AWARE THAT HE'D BEEN TAKEN FOR DIRK! BUT HE WAS 'CHOPPED DOWN' FROM BEHIND BY THE 'FAT MAN'S' SUMO BODY GUARD — NOW, A MINUTE AFTER THE SCENE, JON TRIES TO SHAKE OFF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLOW AND...

JON! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ??

WOW! MY NECK! GAYE - WHERE IS HE -? WHERE!?

THAT WAY, SIR!

THE PARKING AREA!!

JON! DON'T..

THERE..

SUMO! LOOK! IF YOU HAVE TO, RUN HIM DOWN!!

THE HEAVY CAR VEERS TOWARD JON...

BLASTED FOCUS-

LICENSE 7-1213! GOT IT!

7-1213

LATER, IN JON'S ROOM, A CALL FROM THE HOTEL MANAGER — AND...

GAYE! HE DID IT! HE CALLED THE LAND OFFICE RECORD SECTION FOR ME! THAT CAR IS LICENSED TO A BERTRAM KRAG, IMPORTER-EXPORTER, OF TOKYO, AND-!

JON! THAT NAME KRAG!!

KRAG!! - DIRK FLEW CARGO FOR A 'KRAG' ONLY WEEKS BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED!!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK!!!!

THE ADVENTURES OF

JON FURY ...IN JAPAN

by PFC ALEXANDER TOTH, '55

JON, LEARNING THE IDENTITY OF THE 'FAT MAN', WHO, WITH HIS SUMO BODYGUARD, ATTEMPTED TO KILL HIM, HAS FOUND HIM TO BE BERTRAM KRAG, HEAD OF AN IMPORT-EXPORT FIRM! GAYE ALLEN REVEALS HIM AS THE MAN WHO EMPLOYED DIRK FURY TO FLY CARGO HOPS JUST A FEW WEEKS PRIOR TO DIRK'S DISAPPEARANCE! A FURTHER CHECK ON KRAG, THROUGH 'STARS and STRIPES' JOURNALIST SHAD PORTER, COMPLETES THE PICTURE, FOR..

..KRAG HIT TOKYO IN '48, ARRIVING FROM CASABLANCA, WHERE HE SPENT THE WAR YEARS, AND SET UP HIS TRADING COMPANY HERE! KRAG'S PROSPERED AT A FANTASTIC CLIP IN THAT TIME! THOUGH TO ALL APPEARANCES HIS TRADE SEEMS LEGITIMATE, SHAD CLAIMS HE'S SUSPECT OF DEALING IN SMUGGLED GOODS — LINKING HIM WITH A RING OF HONGKONG SLY-GUYS WHO HAVE BEEN THUMBING THEIR LITTLE NOSES AT THE BRITISH AND JAPANESE TRADE COMMISSIONS FOR A LONG TIME NOW!

IF DIRK, WHILE PILOTING SAID 'HOT CARGO', BECAME AWARE OF THE CURVE HE'D BEEN TOSSED, AND LET SOMETHING SLIP TO KRAG ABOUT IT, THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR-

..FOR DIRK'S DISAPPEARANCE! OH, JON — I HOPE HE.. HE ISN'T —!

I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, GAYE! BUT DIRK'S NOT AN EASY MARK — SO SNAP OUT OF IT, WE'LL FIND HIM IN TIME FOR A JUNE WEDDING!

NOW LET'S TAKE YOU HOME! I'VE GOT TO RE-TURN SOME THINGS KRAG'S 'GOON' LEFT WITH ME!

WHAT'S THAT, JON?

A WHOPPING HEADACHE, AND A FEW ASSORTED LUMPS!!

LATER, AT KRAG'S OFFICES...

YOU!!

TRICK OR TREAT?

HOW DID YOU -? H-HOW -?

YOUR LICENSE PLATES!

RECOVERING FROM MOMENTARY SURPRISE, KRAG PRESSES A SMALL BUTTON, HIDDEN UNDER HIS DESK, WITH HIS KNEE.. AN ALARM THAT...

SUMMONS SUMO FROM THE NEXT ROOM

WHAT IS WR- ? AIEEE! HIM!

WELL, WELL, WELL — SUMO! GLAD YOU MADE IT! NOW THAT WE'RE ALL HERE, LET'S HAVE A PARTY!!

... NEXT WEEK — 'SHOWDOWN'

THE ADVENTURES OF

JON FURY ...IN JAPAN

by PFC ALEXANDER TOTH '55

JON, ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT BERTRAM KRAG, IMPORT-EXPORT BARON, HIRED DIRK TO PILOT HIS COMPANY'S TOKYO-HONGKONG AIR CARGO RUNS, JUST WEEKS PRIOR TO HIS DISAPPEARANCE, SEEKS OUT KRAG AT HIS TRADING COMPANY'S OFFICES — HIS APPEARANCE THERE PRESENTS A CHALLENGE TO KRAG — A CHALLENGE MET ONLY TOO EAGERLY FOR HIM BY HIS BODYGUARD, SUMO, WHO LUNGES AT JON LIKE A MADDENED BEAR .. FOR THIS IS .. THE SHOWDOWN !!

YOU WON'T LEAVE US, WILL YOU BERTIE?

BE CAREF-!! AHH..OOF!!

CRASH

SKINNY DOG! SUMO BREAK YOU LIKE STICK!

FEINT, HIT, AND STAY OUT OF HIS REACH, FURY, OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER SUNSET-

A SIDE-STEP.. AND THEN..

UKKK!!

WUP!

-AND MAY THE BETTER MAN WIN, EH, SUMO?

THE BIG HULK, FOR ALL OF HIS STRENGTH PROVES TO BE AT A DISADVANTAGE.. FOR JON SLASHES BLOW AFTER BLOW AND DARTS BACK, OUT OF HIS RANGE...

CAN'T KEEP THIS UP.. FOREVER!

WAP WAP

KRAG RECOVERS, TAKES IN THE SCENE BEFORE HIM, AND WITH A COMPLACENT SNEER, REACHES INTO HIS OVERTURNED DESK..

..AND PRODUCES .. A GUN!!

AS I SEE IT, MY ARTFUL FRIEND, YOU ARE, AT BEST, A DOOMED MAN.. FOR YOU...

WAK

-CANNOT AVOID YOUR FATE! IF YOU'LL NOTICE, I HAVE YOU WELL COVERED... AND SINCE THE VICTOR OF THIS BATTLE SHALL PRESENT A PRIME TARGET..

KRAK

..YOU ARE BEATEN, NO MATTER WHICH ONE US IS LEFT TO FINISH YOU OFF.. SUMO, OR ME!!

DOESN'T GIVE A MAN MUCH INCENTIVE, DOES IT?

UHNNN

NEXT WEEK — THE CHOICE!

TO BE CONCLUDED

JOHN BENSON BETWEEN THE PANELS

THE EC CONVENTION, CONTINUED

Q: *This is not to open old wounds, but...*
HARVEY KURTZMAN: Oh oh, here it comes...
Q: *...I'd like to know how the individual artists felt working with the very strict layouts.*
KURTZMAN: I'd like to hear that, too.
JACK DAVIS: I don't know. I think the end product came out pretty good—the detail and all. There's a lot of people that appreciate detail and there's a lot of people that don't. Once you do something you like it to be authentic. Where doing the horror books you didn't have to be authentic, this was something that you'd like for it to come across as true, and Harvey felt very strongly about truth—the way the weapons worked and everything. We did the best we could, and I enjoyed it. It wasn't that bad. I'd hate to do it all the time.
WILL ELDER: Harvey was a very good talker. In the early stages of the war comics he would sit down with most of the artists and describe the story to them panel by panel, and he'd go through the sound effects. He'd say, "This guy is holding a gun and he lets go a blast, BRRRRAOWW!" And I said, "My God, you ought to put yourself on a record." And before you knew it you got very absorbed in the story and it became very interesting.
KURTZMAN: BHLOOH! BHOOM! AKAKAKAK-AK! [Laughter.]
ELDER: Yes dear, I'll be home in a minute. And so you got so absorbed in the story because of Harvey's descriptions that eventually you saw the thing laid out as he described it, and before you knew it you were very much involved. I found it very interesting.
WALLACE WOOD: Actually, what Harvey would do was not just write the story, but give us layouts for every panel...
GEORGE EVANS:...and every man in every panel...
WOOD ...which I didn't feel...
KURTZMAN: Just because I gave you a diagram on where to go to the bathroom during the coffee break, you didn't have to get sore. Chees!
WOOD: ...and I can honestly say that most of the time it didn't make any trouble, because that's about the way I would have done it anyway. [Laughter.] But there were times when I changed Harvey's layouts.

*

Q: *In retrospect it seems that you were doing anti-war stories. At the time you were doing them, was that apparent to your readership? Did you get any reactions to that type of story?*
KURTZMAN: No, we never got into that. I think simply because our—or certainly my—point of view is: I don't regard myself as a man who pushes specific opinions or strong points of view. I like to think that I spend my time trying to describe what's true and what *is*, and to describe it as well as I can. And that's what the research was all about; that's what going down in submarines was all about; and when I did "human" stories on particular soldiers, that's why I talked to soldiers, and asked them ... Do you mean, "Did the readers miss the point?"
Q: Did they think you were trying to do something else? Did you get angry letters from people?
KURTZMAN: Well the readers always think all kinds of things. But generally we never had trouble with readers, or censorship, or... I don't think we made people mad, generally speaking. But you never know what the audience is thinking. I never tried to make my audience think any one thing. The audience to me is a great unpredictable beast.
EVANS: That's a very good question, if I understand what you're saying, and I think my answer to it would be that things are colored by the times you live in, and there was no real push at the time as to whether people were really anti-war or pro-war. And so the stories were taken pretty much as entertainment. From what mail I saw, you were more likely to get a criticism that you had the wrong unit badges or something of that sort. Nowadays, *everything* is considered propaganda! At the time there may have been some leaning in that direction, but I don't think it reached down to the people that were reading the sort of thing we did. If you'll recall, at the time other magazines all the way up to the very high-price slicks were publishing war stories, some reasonably anti-war and some real gung-ho, and either people accepted it as entertainment or ignored it. And I think that's the way it was with us. As I say, your big criticisms were if you had the wrong cap on somebody, or this particular rifle wasn't yet used. But in the light of our time we think *everything* has a message.

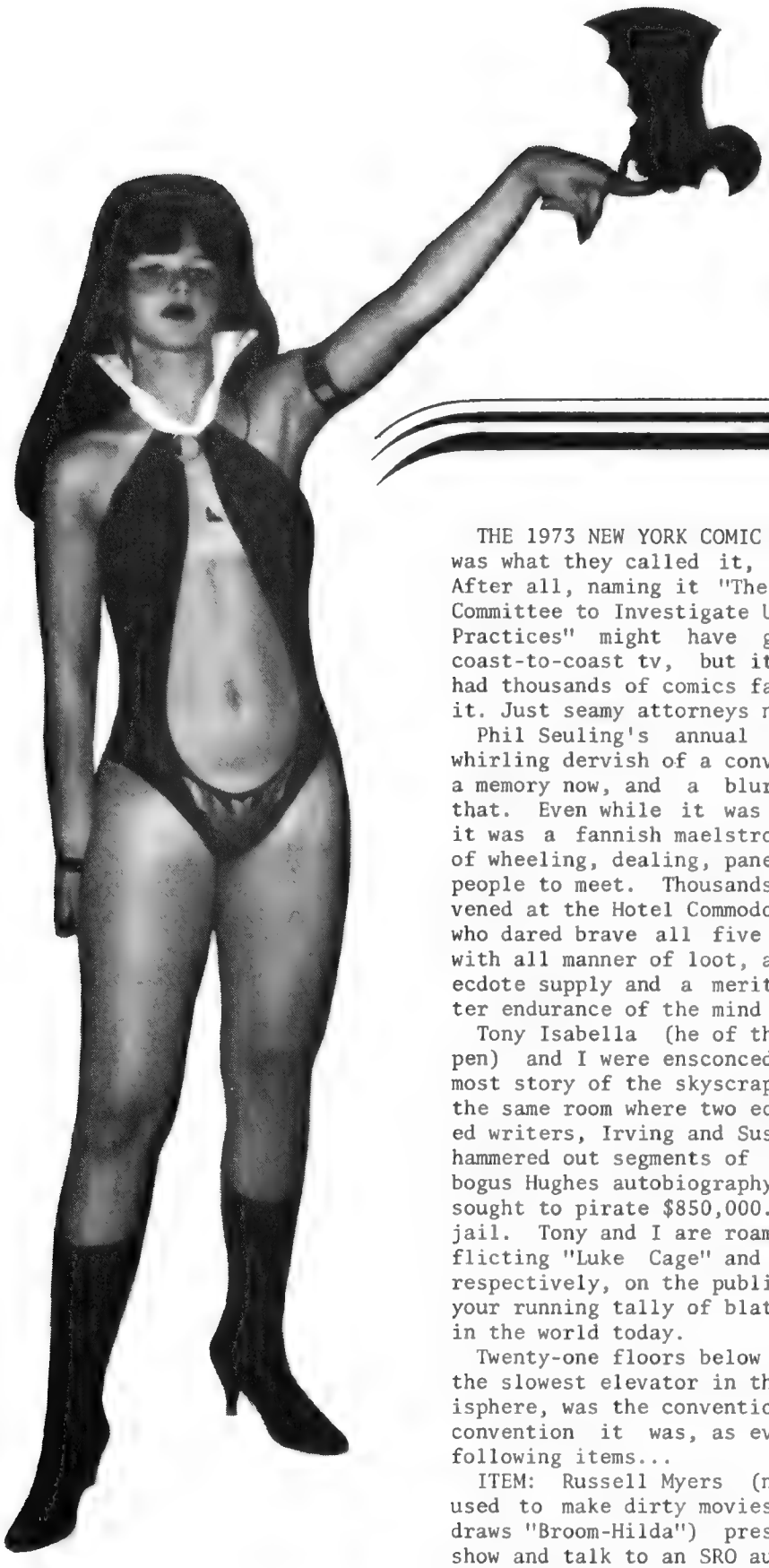
I don't think the stories that were assigned to me carried a message, other than those that were biographical, when Harvey was really reflecting the *person's* point of view. For instance, he took Immelman who was a German flyer and an extremely arrogant man who believed that the Kaiser was next to, or maybe above God if it came to that. And Harvey put him across that way as a man who was doing what he considered the Kaiser's and God's will and the fact that he was killing people didn't bother him. And that's the way Harvey presented the story. You got an excellent picture of Immelman without moralizing. And if anyone chose to take anything out of it, he was really looking below or above levels that we were working on.
JERRY DE FUCCIO: Harvey did emphasize that the enemy was human. He showed that they had kids, and pictures in their wallets and all that, just as the Americans did.
KURTZMAN: The enemy had problems, too.
DE FUCCIO: They were really compassionate war stories, I think.
EVANS: But not propaganda.
KURTZMAN: That's it. I personally don't like propagandizing from either end. I don't like to have it come at me, and I don't like to dish it out.

—transcribed and edited
by John Benson

The entire EC Convention transcript is scheduled to appear in a forthcoming book about the convention to be published by Bruce Hershenson.

Two excerpts from the War Comics Panel

the EVANIER REPORT



THE 1973 NEW YORK COMIC ART CONVENTION was what they called it, quite wisely. After all, naming it "The Senate Select Committee to Investigate Unfair Campaign Practices" might have gotten it on coast-to-coast tv, but it wouldn't have had thousands of comics fans flocking to it. Just seamy attorneys named John.

Phil Seuling's annual assembly—this whirling dervish of a convention—is but a memory now, and a blurry memory, at that. Even while it was all happening, it was a fannish maelstrom, an overkill of wheeling, dealing, panels, guests and people to meet. Thousands of fans convened at the Hotel Commodore, and those who dared brave all five days came away with all manner of loot, a plentiful anecdote supply and a merit badge for utter endurance of the mind and wallet.

Tony Isabella (he of the Marvel bullpen) and I were ensconced in the uppermost story of the skyscraping hotel, in the same room where two equally respected writers, Irving and Suskind by name, hammered out segments of their patently bogus Hughes autobiography. They only sought to pirate $850,000.00 and went to jail. Tony and I are roaming free, inflicting "Luke Cage" and "Daffy Duck," respectively, on the public. Add that to your running tally of blatant injustices in the world today.

Twenty-one floors below us, reached by the slowest elevator in the Western Hemisphere, was the convention. And what a convention it was, as evidenced by the following items...

ITEM: Russell Myers (not the one who used to make dirty movies; the one who draws "Broom-Hilda") presents a slide show and talk to an SRO audience and unanimous approval. Myers' nationally-syndicated witch, the sex symbol to end all sex, also adorned the cover of the con's program book, with Gaylord the Vulture, in a burlesque of Vampirella and bat, as depicted on last year's souvenir book.

ITEM: A fan with a sketch-pad in hand approaches C. C. Beck and asks, "Do you do sketches for fans?" Beck, the artist who renders the once and future Captain Marvel, would be engulfed if he started giving sketches but is glad to sign his autograph. The fan then approaches Bob Kane, father of The Batman, with the exact same question and gets another autograph for his troubles. Finally, this weary fan puts his eternal question to *Mad*'s marginal lunatic, Sergio Aragones, and the popular cartoonist doodles out a handsome self-portrait.

ITEM: Marvel (according to the program book ad, the best-selling comic company in the world) has a hospitality room and invites fans to drop by and "rap about our new books and the future of mankind in general!" Many fans do, indeed, drop by—but most of the "rapping" (hate that word!) consists of various Marvel staffers extolling the inner philosophies of their books and their particular heroes' neuroses. Only occasionally does a fan get a word in, edgewise or otherwise. But few fans mind, really.

ITEM: National (according to the program book ad, the best-selling comic company in the world) has their hospitality room, but—the convention grapevine has it—the goings-on therein are anything but hospitable. National (DC) is conducting "junior bullpen" interviews, scanning samples of prospective artists and writers. Some travelled for thousands of miles in the hopes of securing a position in the comic book industry. Most spent weeks preparing sample scripts and art. All have to wait outside—for hours, in some cases. One aspiring artist reported that he did all of the above, and once inside, an unidentified assistant editor gave his work a 30-second once-over and said, "If you're thinking of ever working in comics, forget it!" A few lucky applicants got to see real DC editors and received somewhat better, more professional, treatment.

THE 1973 NEW YORK COMIC ART CONVENTION

ITEM: Warren (according to the program book ad, the smallest company...it takes all kinds!) has a display in the Dealers Room to sell posters and whatnot. Among the posters are a few highly attractive ones (Eisner's Spirit and a six-foot Vampirella, for example) and one rather bizarre poster: Heidi Saha in her jungle-girl bikini from last year's costume parade. Among the whatnot is a two dollar booklet about the comely Miss Saha, aged fifteen, with commentary by Forrest Ackerman and particular emphasis on sensuous photographs. Even Vladimir Nabokov would be a bit taken-aback. Heidi Saha, herself, was omnipresent at the convention. She could usually be seen, strolling around, swinging a cassette player that blared forth pop tunes of the day. (Say, whatever happened to The Archies, anyway?)

ITEM: A dealer tends his wares, keeping that ever-vigilant eye open for fans who take but don't pay. A cash customer approaches and asks the price of a certain item. As soon as the dealer reaches for his copy of the Overstreet *Comic Price Guide*, the customer says, "Forget it!" and departs. The huckster wonders aloud why no one is buying his wares, though each item has been carefully levied at the "official" prices. Meanwhile across the way, the dealer who has his items priced according to his own knowledge of the market is cleaning up.

ITEM: Dave Cockrum, noted illustrator of "The Legion of Super-Heroes," is offering an attractive art folio. As Dave's many fans flock about, one pays him the supreme compliment. He walks off with Dave's rapidograph pen.

ITEM: National also has a dealer display, hawking souvenir items of Metropolis, Illinois. Amidst the buttons, T-shirts, pennants, posters, books and miscellaneous super-paraphernalia, the most talked-about items are the little dime bags of green and red kryptonite being marketed. This bargain basement going price for the kryptonite is mainly because the stuff doesn't work anymore, remember? In actuality, they are nothing more than plastic pebbles coated with glitter, looking more like Liberace's gallstones than kryptonite.

ITEM: The Edwin Aprill awards for outstanding contributions to fandom were made to Mike Barrier (accepting for Mr. Barrier was John Benson) and Bill Spicer (accepting for Mr. Spicer was Yours Truly). Barrier's *Funnyworld* and Spicer's *Graphic Story Magazine* were cited as examples of the highest standards of fan magazine journalism...and who among you can deny that?

ITEM: The pawn shop wouldn't give me a nickel for Spicer's plaque so I had to lug the damn thing home and give it to Bill.

ITEM: Professionals from the comic art field abound: Dick Giordano, Al Williamson, Sol Harrison, Jerry De Fuccio, Russ

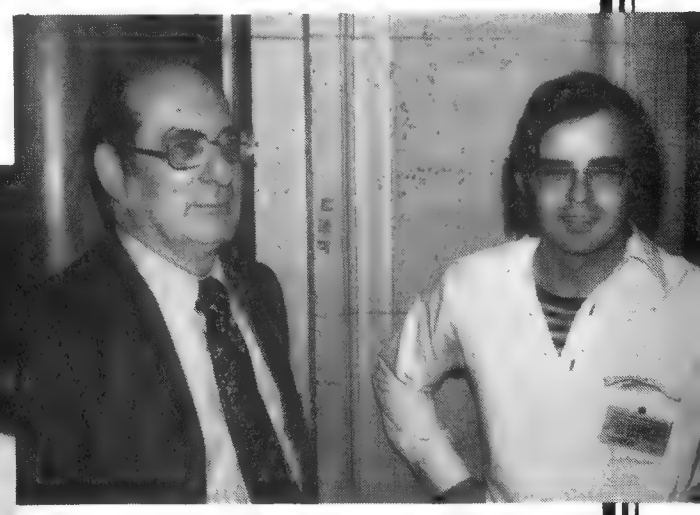
MAD's John Putnam and Jerry De Fuccio

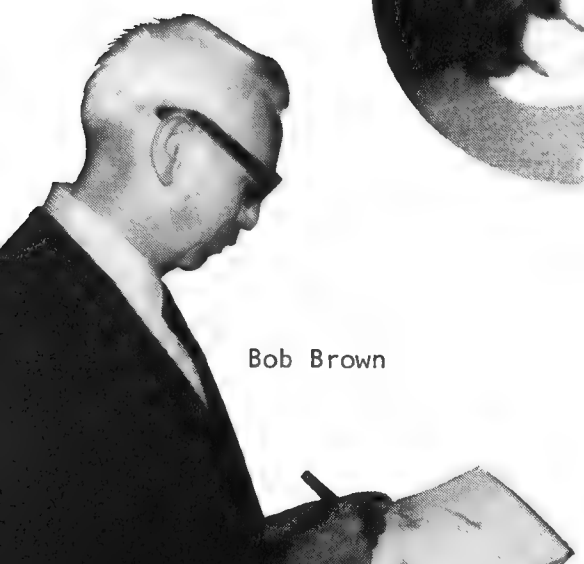
The line to the DC hospitality room— the Junior Bullpen try-outs

Elliot Maggin, "Superman" and "Shazam" scripter

Paul Gulacy, the new Maryel "Morbius" artist

Julius Schwartz and Guy H. Lillian





Bob Brown

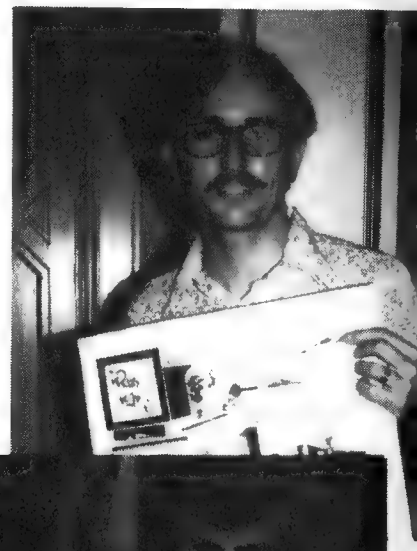
Marie Severin and Tony Isabella

C. C. Beck

Dave Cockrum

Gray Morrow and Dwight Decker

Russell Myers
and his
"Krazy Kat"
original



Rick Durell

Mr. & Mrs. Gil Kane
chat with conventioneers

Heath, Bob Brown, Johnny Romita, Carmine Infantino, Roy Thomas, Jim Steranko, Gerry Conway, Billy Graham, Dan Adkins, Frank Jacobs, Jim Warren, Gil Dane, Neal Adams and a host of others. Mike Kaluta, Vaughn F. Bode, Berni Wrightson, and Jeff Jones are represented by art exhibits. Some professionals try to out-do one another in dressing, stylishly and expensively. The worst-dressed one is the millionaire: He publishes *Mad*.

ITEM: There are panels ... on war, on undergrounds, on everything but time. Steranko holds a short question-and-answer session and spellbinds his audience before yielding the podium to a ridiculously overcrowded writers' panel. Mike Friedrich draws the unenviable task of introducing Tony Isabella, Martin Pasko, Steve Skeates, Gerry Boudreau, J. David Warner, Steve Englehart, Elliot Maggin, Nelson Bridwell, several unidentifiables who insisted on joining the panel, late-arrivers Len Wein, Marv Wolfman, and Don McGregor—plus the token funny-animal writer, Isabella's roommate. Had that flimsy stage collapsed, Gardner Fox and Leo Dorfman would now be writing everything. It could only help.

ITEM: Almost as crowded was the costume parade, featuring some of the best and most colorful costumes seen at any convention: Dr. Fate, Cheech Wizard, a wide array of Captain Marvels, Mr. Mind (yes, some guy came as a worm!), Green Lantern, Darkseid and DeSaad, Ming the Merciless, Big Barda, The Demon and not *one* but *two* Vampirellas, one of them a lovely dancer who goes under the stage name of Destiny, the other the ever-present Heidi Saha. Speculation among the audience was that Ms. Saha was destined to win, despite the name of her less renowned—at the convention—Vampi-competitor. Sure enough, Heidi copped third place while Destiny finished out of the money. And judges Aragones, Beck, and Tom Fagan will never sit on the Supreme Court, much to the relief of the comic field—to say nothing of the legal profession.

LAST ITEM: There are so many memories left to recount. The fans, outside the ACBA cocktail party, craning necks to get a glimpse of the soused professionals within. Dealers calling last minute specials, in the closing hours, to minimize the stock to haul home. Phil Seuling wielding the auction mallet as if immersed in a sudden death croquet tournament. Phil Seuling, explaining to bemused reporters what fandom is, as if anyone is really certain. A contingent of convention-goers warning others away from a Howard Johnson's, across the street, because the service, prices and meals are equally hard to swallow. The big trivia contest (who really cares what religion Airboy was?).

Five days of all of the above ... and more, that's what it all was. And most fans departed, penniless and thoroughly fatigued. Good work, Phil!

—MARK EVANIER

—photographs by W. W. "Ace" Munger

THE COUNT of MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

Picturized by JACK CURTISS

PRINTS FROM THE PAST

THE FIRST IN A NEW SERIES, SELECTED BY JOHN RYAN

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas
Picturized by JACK CORTEZ
IN THE GREY DAWN OF THE NEXT DAY, A FINE CARRIAGE RACES THROUGH THE SILENT, VACANT STREETS OF THE STILL SLUMBERING PARIS.....
FASTER, DRIVER, FASTER! LET US PRAY THAT WE WILL ARRIVE AT THE COUNT'S HOUSE IN TIME!
WE'RE HERE! LOOK, SON, THERE IS A LIGHT IN THE PARLOR!
THEIR CAPES FLYING IN THE BRISK MORNING AIR, MERCEDES AND ALBERT RACE TO THE GATES WITH BATED BREATHS AND TENSE HEARTS.....
INSIDE, THE DUELLISTS FIGHT FOR LIFE.. MONDEGO'S MORALE IS SHATTERED WHEN HE REALIZES THAT THE COUNT IS NONE OTHER THAN EDMOND DANTES.
----SO YOU ARE EDMOND DANTES----I NEVER LIKED YOU FROM THE BEGINNING, MY FAKE COUNT!
YOU WERE LISTED AMONG THE DEAD... HAW HAW! WE'LL I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!---
YOU WERE ALWAYS A COWARD, FERNAND MONDEGO!
MERCEDES BREAKS INTO THE ROOM..
-FERNAND!--EDMOND!--STOP! PUT DOWN YOUR SWORDS! IN HEAVEN'S NAME, STOP!
FERNAND, I'VE LEARNED THE TRUTH..YOU HAD EDMOND IMPRISONED!
MONDEGO GOES LIMP, HIS JAW SAGS AND HIS LIPS BECOME DRY. HIS EYES BLAZE
YES, I DID IT... I IMPRISONED HIM BY ACCUSING HIM FALSELY.. I'M GLAD!
FERNAND'S VOICE RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER IN PITCH. HE STAGGERS INTO A CORNER..SUDDENLY, HE SCREAMS AND DROPS HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR..
ONE! THE OTHER CULPRITS, DANGLARS AND VILLEFORTE, WILL MEET THE SAME FATE SHORTLY!---
EDITORS PRESS SERVICE, INC. 220 EAST 42ND STREET, N. Y.
148.

1938 WAS THE YEAR OF THE FIRST GREAT POPULAR SUCcess of the comic book. And it was the year that Jack Kirby drew his first comic book stories. Among them was this adaptation, as "Jack Curtiss," of the Dumas classic for England's *Wags* (and, later, America's *Jumbo Comics*), produced by Will Eisner & Jerry Iger's comic art studio. A few issues later, the great Lou Fine took up the story, as "Jack Cortez" — and created this classic contrast between the storyteller and the illustrator... —DLM

The Kevin McQuillan Collection

© 1963 Colorama Features

MICKEY SPILLANE

GRAPHIC STORY-TELLER

AN ARTICLE BY MAX COLLINS

IF A LIST were made of the great story-tellers who have worked in the graphic story field, such names as Will Eisner, Milton Caniff, Chester Gould, and Jack Kirby would be included, of course, and a good many more. But one name on that list would stand out from the others, though his fame does not rest primarily on his work in comics. I refer to Mickey Spillane, world's best-selling mystery novelist, who began his writing career as a scripter of comic books in the 1940s.

Spillane's background in the comics is obvious to anyone who has dipped into the garish, violent Marvel-Timely titles of the '40s. The opening scene of a Spillane novel is often as reader-grabbing as a splash panel, with some striking act of violence being presented immediately; the finale will be as slam-bang energetic as Captain America tooth-and-nailing it with the Red Skull. The final shoot-out of *One Lonely Night*, for instance, takes place in an abandoned paint factory, where Mike Hammer's girl friend Velda is hanging naked from the rafters, her body slowly turning in the light of an electric lantern, while a mob of drooling Red agents gaze on, waiting to be dispatched *en masse* by Hammer, who stands in the wings with machine-gun in hand. This echoes many a Timely cover depicting a similarly enchained damsel, surrounded by slobbering Nazi agents, with Captain America swinging down to put an end to this obscene torture. The fast pace, the crisp dialogue, the super-human feats of Hammer, all of this harks back to Spillane's days in the comics; all the elements which have made Spillane famous (and infamous) stem back to his work in the graphic story.

YET THOSE WHO have, through the years, contributed solely to the writing end of comics have been largely neglected; only the advent of Stan Lee brought even bylines for comics writers. Many comic strips, long assumed to be the work of one man (Alex Raymond's "Flash Gordon," for example) have turned out to be artist-writer collaborations, and most Golden Age comic books of the '40s were conglomerate productions (even the best work came from teams—Simon & Kirby, for one, Binder & Beck, for another). As a rule, in the '40s, a single comic book story would be the work of any number of artists and *one* writer. If any one man is said to be the "creator" of such a story, it would have to be the one who envisioned the thing in the first place: the writer. Ideally, perhaps, the graphic story should be a one-man show, *a la* the best of Eisner (who admits heavy assisting) and such recent underground creators as Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, and Richard Corben. But the reality is that the bulk of the graphic story to date has been collaborative, with the artist usually garnering the lion's share of praise.

Lack of interest, and lack of credit, have clouded the contribution of writers to the graphic story, comic books in particular. Accordingly, Spillane's contribution has long been obscured in controversy and hearsay testimony. In Lupoff & Thompson's *All in Color for a Dime*, Spillane is reported as being nothing more than a writer of one-page filler material used to satisfy postal requirements; the reprint of such a page in Les Daniels' *Comix* seems to support this, as does Daniels' description of Spillane as an editor for Timely.

These four consecutive strips from 1953 reveal Spillane's mastery of the comics medium: careful, novelistic exposition of situation and setting, followed by an action scene told almost completely in pictures. Spillane shows, in this short sequence, a perhaps surprising flair for understatement, as well as an impressive awareness of the visual aspect of comics. Robbins' story-telling is impressive, too, though it's no doubt Spillane-directed, in the movement of the sequence from long-shot to gradual medium-shot to climax in close-up of Hammer punching-out the bad guy, then a gradual reduction until the final panel is again a long-shot.

"PEN HANOVER THOUGHT RILLEY'S CREW WERE HOLDING THE KIDNAPPED KID IN A HUNTING LODGE UP THE RIVER... I PLANNED TO MAKE IT BEFORE DAWN."
JUST STAY ON THE MACADAM ABOUT SEVEN MILES, MISTER. THEN YOU'LL HIT DIRT. TAKE A RIGHT INTO THE LAKE.
THANKS, FRIEND.
"I LEFT THE CAR AND WALKED THE LAST COUPLE OF MILES... THEN I SAW THE HUNTING LODGE - QUIET IN THE SUNRISE QUIET, BUT FILLED WITH VIOLENCE LIKE AN UNEXPLODED BOMB..."
9-11
Mickey Spillane Ed Robbins
"A SENTRY, ALERT AND PROFESSIONAL, WALKED AROUND THE LODGE. HE HAD TO BE ELIMINATED FIRST..."
9-12
Mickey Spillane Ed Robbins
"IT HAD TO BE QUICK, AND IT HAD TO BE QUIET..."
"IT WAS!"
9-14
Mickey Spillane Ed Robbins
"THE SENTRY WAS OUT. BUT THERE WERE STILL OTHERS - I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MANY - IN THE LODGE."
9-15
Mickey Spillane Ed Robbins

MIKE HAMMER Listen to the Mickey Spillane show on KHJ every Tuesday, 7 p. m. By Mickey Spillane
MIKE! NOW, MIKE, STOP! BEHAVE YOURSELF.
MIKE, YOU'RE AWFUL! OH...EXCUSE ME. TEE HEE.
WELL...I SEE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.
ME? SURE I FEEL FINE, HONEY.
11½
Mickey Spillane ED. ROBBINS

An example of the comedy-relief Spillane brings in now and then, so that the flow of violence and emotion doesn't overwhelm the reader, a device he often uses in the books, though it's rarely noted. A similar scene appears in Spillane's own 1963 film "The Girl Hunters." In both cases, Hammer is recuperating from a shooting and beating, but still finds the energy to flirt with a pretty nurse.

MIKE HAMMER Listen to the Mickey Spillane show on KHJ every Tuesday, 7 p. m. By Mickey Spillane
"THE FRONT DOOR HAD BEEN BOOBY-TRAPPED, AND THE MUTE GUNSEL HAD ONLY BEEN THERE AS A SAFETY FACTOR. BUT THE TRAP HAD BACKFIRED, AND HE WAS THE DEAD BOOBY."
"THEN I REMEMBERED MY SHADOW, THE YOUNG COP PAT HAD STUCK ON MY TAIL. I RACED TO THE WINDOW."
GONE!
" HE WAS ON HIS WAY UP, AND IN THE DISTANCE I HEARD THE RAUCOUS SOUND OF HORNS AS SQUAD CARS RACED TOWARD THE PLACE. IF I WANTED TO KEEP MY APPOINTMENT UNDER THE BRIDGE I'D HAVE TO MOVE FAST... AND I WANTED TO!"
Mickey Spillane ED. ROBBINS
45 CAL

The aftermath of violence—and a violent strip it is! —with typical Hammer reflection and planning ahead. The retention of "voice-over" narration helps the strip maintain its authentic Hammer feel, and Spillane is visually oriented enough to keep the strip from seeming text-heavy in spite of the abundance of text.

MIKE HAMMER Listen to the Mickey Spillane show on KHJ every Tuesday, 7 p. m. By Mickey Spillane
"I FINISHED THE JOURNEY AFOOT. IT WAS LATE WHEN I SAW THE BRIDGE."
WOODS TRUCKING
"I MOVED OUT ON THE PIER. THERE WAS NO SOUND IN THE DARKNESS... BUT I KNEW THEY WERE THERE."
ALL RIGHT-THIS IS HAMMER! IF YOU WANT ME, COME AND GET ME!!
Mickey Spillane ED. ROBBINS
11/26

The opening of a long, brilliantly executed climax sequence—eight daily strips of action-packed, Spillane-style violence. It emphasizes Spillane's craftsman-like approach: the story is circular, and returns to its opening setting, with the dark bridge looming in the background.

But Jim Steranko, in the first volume of his *History of Comics*, presents a different picture. Spillane was a scripter of a multitude of titles, Steranko says, and goes on to say: "Spillane was an extremely graphic writer as time would later prove. He wrote for the artist with explicit clarity. Each Spillane paragraph was the equivalent of a comic page. Each sentence told precisely enough for the artist to draw just the right panel. This laconic and punchy delivery was the backbone of Spillane's later writing style."

TO CLEAR UP some of the doubts surrounding Spillane's contribution to the comics, I contacted the author himself, and received a lengthy reply that was typically Spillane in tone and sets the record straight once and for all. My interest in Spillane is two-fold, as I am both a comics fan and a mystery novelist; he has long been an idol of mine, so I do not need to emphasize the thrill it was to receive a letter from him. Here is what he had to say about his Golden Age work:

"Any idiot who said I just wrote filler is...an idiot. I worked for Funnies, Inc., who started Goodman in the business, along with Arnold, Fawcett, Curtiss, etc. We were a studio (not publishers) who turned in the finished copy to the publishers. I was a regular with *Blue Bolt*, *Target*, *4-Most*, *Captain America*, *Captain Marvel*, *Human Torch Sub-Mariner* and you name it. Writers didn't get bylines unless we sneaked them into the art work, but on the fillers, which I did too, we got *big* ones. A lot of writers worked on all the above characters, as did pencil men and letterers, with the final artist doing the inks. There were even b. g. (background) men assisting the artist because of the work load."

Part of what I questioned Spillane about was the report that the Mike Hammer character first appeared as a comic book character, Mike Danger, in a graphic story project that eventually was converted into the best-selling novel, *I, the Jury*. Another area I asked about was the "Mike Hammer" comic strip of the early '50s, a surprisingly literal translation of the Spillane world of sex and violence to the comic pages. Beautiful women and bloody death leap out of the panels, competently drawn by Golden Age artist Ed Robbins, whose scratchy, moody style is a nice approximation of Spillane's prose style; the script of the strip is even better, retaining Hammer's "voice-over" narration, and the imaginative "surprise-ending" plots typical of Spillane — a neat trick in the restrictive format of a daily strip, very tough for a whodunit tale, as "Kerry Drake" creator Alfred Andriola once noted regarding his own "Charlie Chan" strip. All in all, the "Mike Hammer" strip seemed vintage Spillane to this reader, so I questioned Spillane about the authorship of it, commenting that it sounded like authentic Mike Hammer to me, though it seemed unlikely that he would take time to write the comic strip version of his character—especially in the early '50s, which enjoyed a Mike Hammer boom equal to that of James Bond in the '60s.

Spillane replied, re: Mike Danger and the Hammer strip:

"How the hell you ever got wind of Mike Danger is beyond me. At that time (end of the war) the comic market folded and I turned Danger into Hammer...but it did get well into the mock-up stage. I did write the syndicated paper strip and Ed Robbins illustrated it with George Wilson lettering. I had an automobile accident (stock cars on dirt track in Middletown, N.Y.) and had to cut it. But hell, I was loaded and couldn't care less. Sometimes, though, I wish I had stayed with the costumed heroes. There only the kids knew me and I could eat supper and walk down the street in peace."

THE MYSTERY WORLD'S gain was the graphic story's loss, as it seems likely that Spillane's role in the Golden Age of comic books was a major one. In whatever medium, Spillane remains one of the great story-tellers of popular literature, despite critical harping not unlike that of the Werthams who have hounded the comics. As he himself puts it: "Hell, I'm strictly a pro, always have been, and the only place I want to see my name is on a check...I'm a story teller, a manufacturer of entertainment, and if the audience appreciates the product, then I take pleasure, not pride, in giving them some fun."

—MAX COLLINS

Mickey Spillane as Mike Hammer in "The Girl Hunters"

©1963 Colorama Features

A LOVE STORY

WHAT CAN YOU SAY about a three year old football feature that died? That it was funny? (Debatable!) That it was short-lived? (Debatable!) That it made big money? (*Not* debatable—it didn't!) What happened to "Superfan" was just plain magazine-ese—not enough advertising to support high-class features like a Davis/Meglin epic. The same problem gave the kiss of death to *Look*, *Life*, and others. So why shouldn't a lowly football monthly like *Pro Quarterback* feel the pinch. The editorial cost involved—Jack Davis' immortal art, Gaspar Saladino's award-winning lettering, and my own deathless prose—was not the major problem, but three pages of handstripped color on a non-comic press was. As a last resort, the final installment (which graces these pages) was attempted in just black and white and two tones of gray after seeing how successful this treatment worked in the *Superfan* paperback for New American Library (and on sale at your local paperback haunt, friends). But when editorial funds were cut, too, I decided that while mine was a labor of love, I couldn't ask two pros like Davis and Saladino to give up valuable free lance time for "art's sake"! And so Y. A. Shmickle, the mild-mannered, boring accountant who became Superfan, was put to sleep...

*

SUPERFAN CAME ABOUT in a very matter-of-fact way—I was sitting in a book publisher's waiting room looking over some of my "Children's Tales," a Sunday supplement feature drawn by Frank Bolle for McNaught Syndicate. I had sold McNaught seven or eight original 3-page sequences in a year's time and thought there might be a children's book in some of them. The man next to me was scanning a football magazine. I spotted a full-color Jack Davis illustration and asked the man (Lou Sahadi, editor of *Pro Quarterback*) if I could see it more closely. We began talking about Jack's work, and *Mad*, and him, and me, and the New York Football Giants (that was a mistake!) and just like that he asked if I'd like to do a humor feature with Jack for his magazine. I said yes and he gave me a number to call when I was ready. Nothing more. He thought I was a funny fellow, knew Jack's work, and that's all he needed. I thought about satirizing the comic hero format by using a shlep as my hero and called Sahadi up to see if he approved. He said, "Listen, I know football, you know humor. Just write it and give it to Jack to draw. I'm holding four pages open for you in the next issue." Lou Sahadi, one might guess, is a writer's dream, and I doubt if I'll ever meet another man in a key position as trusting, encouraging, and as easy to work with again.

*

AFTER TWO AND A HALF years of "Superfan," New American Library purchased the paperback rights for the feature and I edited it down to the paperback format, removing some of the more inside and dated panels and bridging it so that it had greater continuity as a book than it did as a monthly serial.

Focus Productions have the animated film rights, but as of this writing no one has broken down their door with offers to produce it. So look at these last three pages carefully, and, if you're a sport, shell out the six-bits for the paperback. It may be the last you'll see of it. I think it's worth it, and would I con you? I mean, really?

—NICK MEGLIN

by

NICK
MEGLIN

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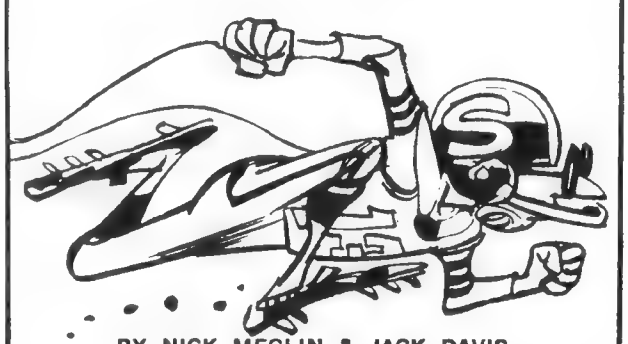
Superfan

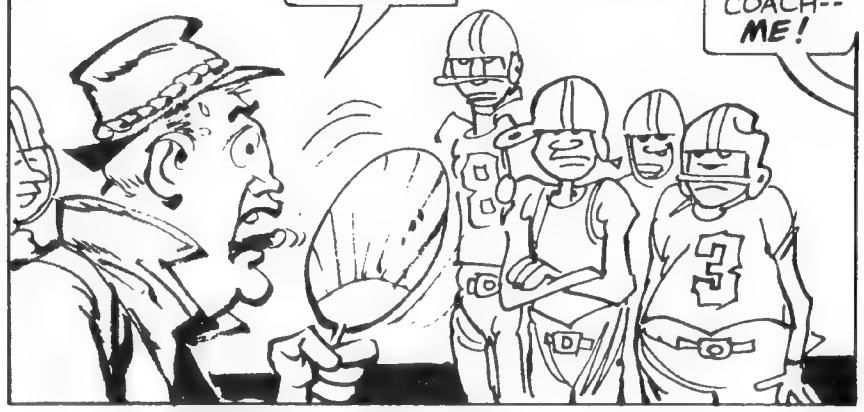


BY NICK MEGLIN & JACK DAVIS

INSTANT MAGAZINE REPLAY: GETTING LITTLE HELP FROM THE DRAFT AND EVEN LESS FROM A MIDDLE-OF-THE-NIGHT PLAY SUGGESTION CALL FROM THE PRESIDENT, THE SMOGGERS BEGIN THEIR SUMMER CAMP IN THEIR USUAL WAY-- ***WORRIED!***

ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE KNOW THE PROBLEMS FACING US THIS SEASON, BUT THEY CAN ALL BE HURDLED BEFORE OUR ***OPENING GAME*** IN THE YANKEE STADIUM PARKING LOT AGAINST THE HACKENSACK HACKS!

ALL EXCEPT ***ONE PROBLEM,*** COACH-- ***ME!***



AND WHO MAY I ASK, IS ***YOU?***

YOUR NUMBER 16 DRAFT CHOICE-- ***FRAN HIPSWIVEL!***

WELL, WHAT'S SO ***SPECIAL*** ABOUT YOU, ***MISTER?***

NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT I'M NO ***MISTER!*** I'M A ***MS.!***

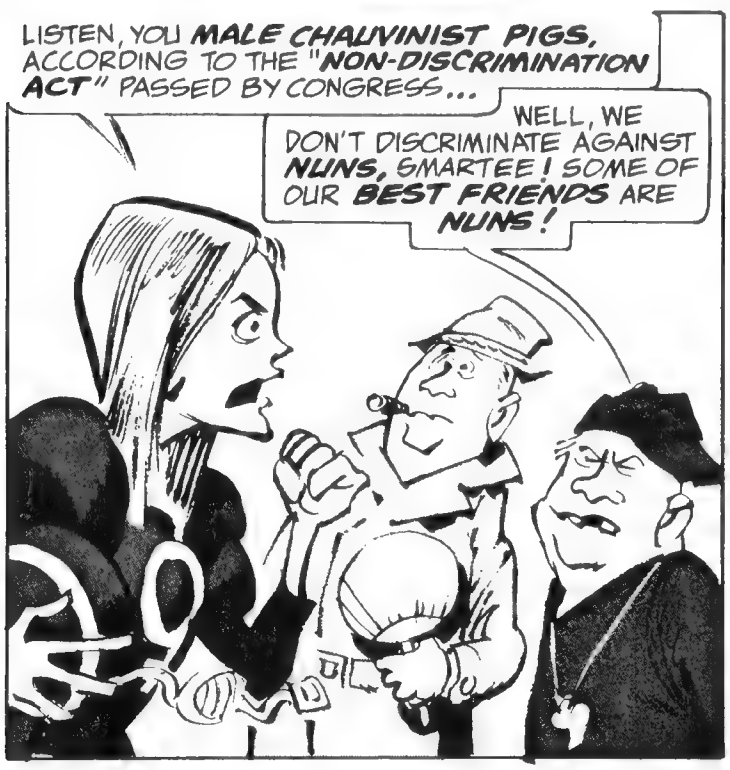
A ***BROAD?*** HOW DID A BROAD GET INTO ***CAMP*** WITHOUT ANYONE NOTICING?

BETTER STILL, HOW DID SHE GET OUT OF THE ***LOCKER ROOM*** WITHOUT ANYONE NOTICING?

WE ***NEVER*** DRAFTED A WOMAN! OUR SCOUTS ARE PRETTY ***STUPID,*** I'LL ADMIT, BUT MISTAKING A ***LINEBACKER*** FOR A ***KICK RETURN SPECIALIST*** IS ONE THING--A ***DAME*** FOR A ***GUY*** IS SOMETHING ELSE!

LISTEN, YOU ***MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS,*** ACCORDING TO THE "***NON-DISCRIMINATION ACT***" PASSED BY CONGRESS...

WELL, WE DON'T DISCRIMINATE AGAINST ***NUNS,*** SMARTEE! SOME OF OUR ***BEST FRIENDS*** ARE ***NUNS!***



THE ***LOWER PICKS*** COME RIGHT OFF THE COLLEGE ROSTERS, COACH! THEY'RE NOT ***PERSONALLY*** SCOUTED! HERE'S THE ***CHART--FRAN HIPSWIVEL:*** LETTERS IN FOOTBALL, SOCCER, TRACK, BASEBALL, AND WRESTLING. RUNS THE 40 IN 4.3, ALL-STATE WIDE RECEIVER, AND FAR WEST LIGHT-HEAVY-WEIGHT WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP AT ***UTAH A AND M!***

THAT'S ***UTAH AM--AGAINST MEN!*** IT'S A ***WOMAN'S LIB UNIVERSITY!*** I MAJORED IN ***ADVANCED GLORIA STEINEM*** AND ***APPLIED BETTY FREIDAN!***

WHAT'LL WE DO, COACH, THROW HER OUTTA HERE?

ARE YOU **KIDDING?** YOU WANT THE WHOLE DAMN WOMEN'S LIB MOVEMENT DOWN HERE PROTESTING, PICKETING, MAKING TROUBLE? WE **GOTTA** GIVE HER A **TRY-OUT** BEFORE WE **DUMP HER!** GET **SUPER-FAN** OVER HERE...

LISTEN, **Y.A.**, I KNOW THE **REGULARS** DON'T USUALLY WORK OUT WITH THE **ROOKIES** SO EARLY IN THE CAMP, BUT WE GOT A LITTLE **PROBLEM**...

ANYTHING YOU SUB-ORDINATE, OH ESTEEMED COACH, I WILL PRO-CREATE!

I **KNEW** YOU'D HELP, Y.A.! NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU GOTTA DO! SEE THAT ROOKIE OVER THERE?

YOU MEAN THAT **ODDLY-BUILT LAD,** COACH?

YES, **THAT'S** THE ONE! I WANT YOU TO **BURN IN** SOME PASSES-- BUT I MEAN BURN 'EM! **ALL YOU GOT!**

BUT, **SIR**-- SHOULD I UNLEASH THE MAGANIMOUSNESS OF MY GOLDEN ARM **FULL THROTTLE**, THERE'S NOT A RECEIVER ALIVE CAPABLE OF HOLDING ON TO THEM!

THAT'S WHAT I'M **COUNTING ON,** Y.A., THAT'S WHAT I'M COUNTING ON!

ALL RIGHT, **ODDLY-BUILT FELLOW,** I AM ABOUT TO IMPORTUNE YOU SOME PASSES! LET US TRY FIRSTLY A **SIDELINE PATTERN**...

RIGHT ON!

HEY! THE BROAD'S GOT **GREAT SPEED**...

...AND SHE'S GOT **GREAT HANDS**...

...NOT TO MENTION **GREAT LEGS!**

Y.A.! I TOLD YOU TO **BURN 'EM IN!**

BUT I **DID,** COACH! ONE PARTICIPLE FASTER AND THAT SPHEROID WOULD HAVE GONE INTO **ORBIT!**

WELL TRY IT AGAIN--ONLY **HARDER!** SKUTCH--PUT IN **TOMMY DON JUAN,** OUR ROOKIE DEFENSIVE BACK, TO COVER HER ON THE PLAY!

OKAY, COACH!

LOOK AT HER **GO!**

SHE CAUGHT THAT SIZZLER WITH **ONE HAND!**

AND SHE'S PULLING AWAY FROM **DON JUAN!**

OKAY, **LOVER BOY!** WHAT **HAPPENED** TO YOU OUT THERE? JUST BECAUSE SHE'S A BROAD YOU TOOK IT EASY ON HER! YOU **LET UP!**

ON THE **CONTRARY,** COACH! I WAS **TRYING** TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT PRETTY YOUNG THING IN THE WORST WAY! BUT SHE WAS JUST **TOO FAST** AND **TOO SMART!** BEST WIDE RECEIVER I EVER SAW!

THIS IS **RIDICULOUS!** SOME WOMEN'S LIB BROAD COMES INTO CAMP AND **TAKES OVER!** THE BEST PASSER IN FOOTBALL CAN'T THROW ONE SHE CAN'T HANDLE, THE BEST YOUNG DEFENDER ON THE SQUAD CAN'T STAY WITH HER, AND THE SMARTEST COACH IN THE GAME--NAMELY **ME**--CAN'T OUTSMART HER! SHE'S MAKING MONKEYS OUTTA ALL OF US!

LEAVE IT TO **SUPERFAN,** COACH! HIS BORING ACCOUNTANT'S MIND WILL COME UP WITH **SOMETHING!**

LISTEN, Y.A., WE'VE GOT A REAL PROBLEM HERE! THAT ODDLY-BUILT RECEIVER YOU'VE BEEN THROWING TO ISN'T **REALLY** ODDLY-BUILT--SHE'S A **GIRL!** AND WE WANT TO **DUMP HER!** CAN YOU THINK OF SOMETHING?

ONLY THAT IF **SHE** GOES, **I GO!** I HAVE NEVER COAGULATED SUCH **MOVES,** ENSUED SUCH **HANDS,** PRE-EMPTED SUCH **SPEED!** MAN, WOMAN, OR INDIFFERENT, A GREAT RECEIVER IS A GREAT RECEIVER--AND I WILL SUPPORT HER RIGHT TO STAY, **WHATEVER** THE COINCIDENCE.

IN A **WORD,** OH ESTEEMED COACH, WE MUST **EXPLOIT** HER TALENTS TO THE **FULLEST** RAMIFICATION AND...

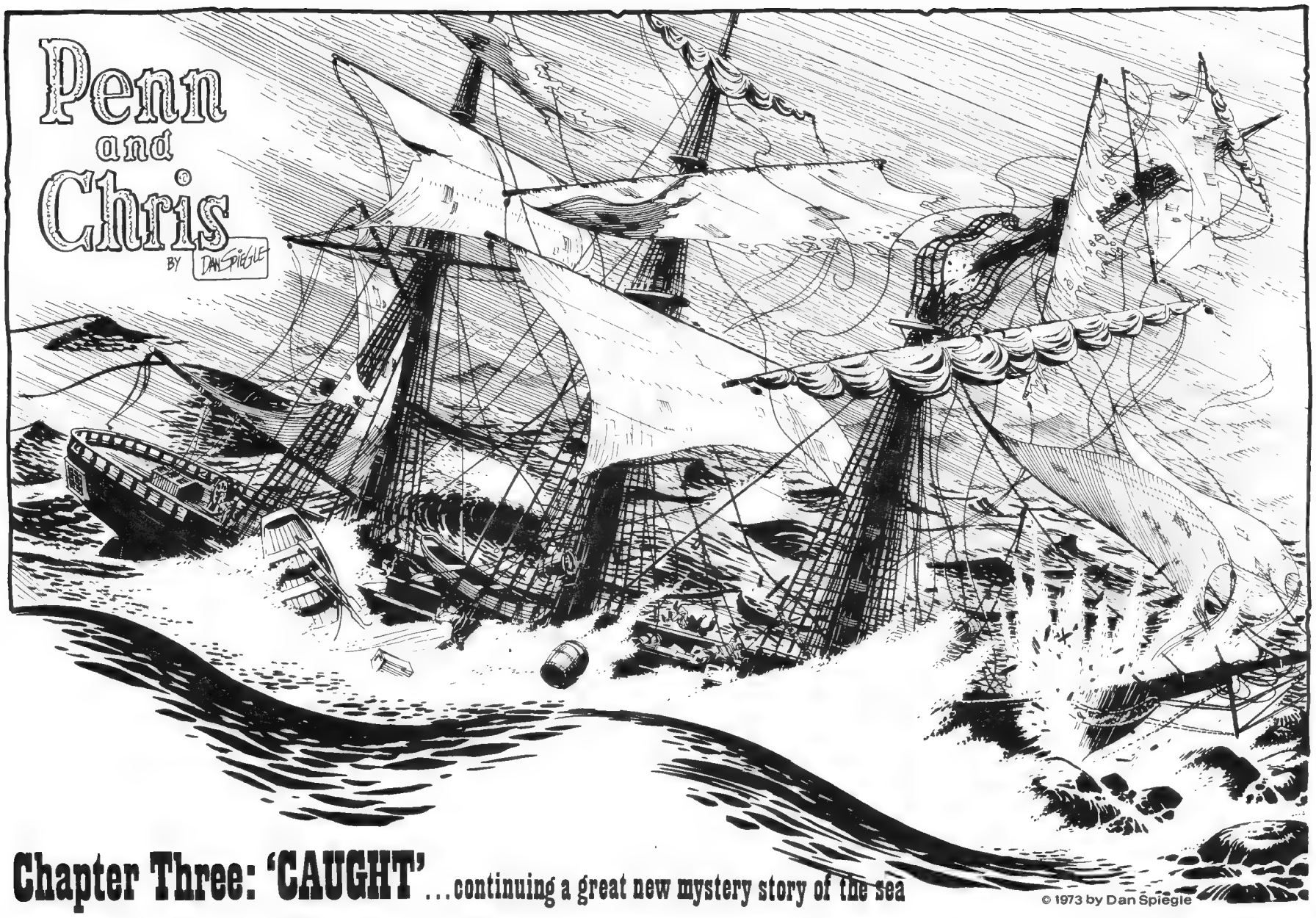
EXPLOIT? DID YOU SAY **EXPLOIT?** THAT'S ALL YOU **MEN** EVER THINK OF--**EXPLOIT US WOMEN!** WELL, THIS IS **ONE WOMAN** YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO TAKE **ADVANTAGE OF!** I'M GONNA GET MY THINGS AND **LEAVE FOOTBALL** FOR THE MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY INFERIOR SEX--**MEN!**

BUT... BUT... BUT...

YOU DID IT **AGAIN,** Y.A.! AND I'LL BE FOREVER GRATEFUL!

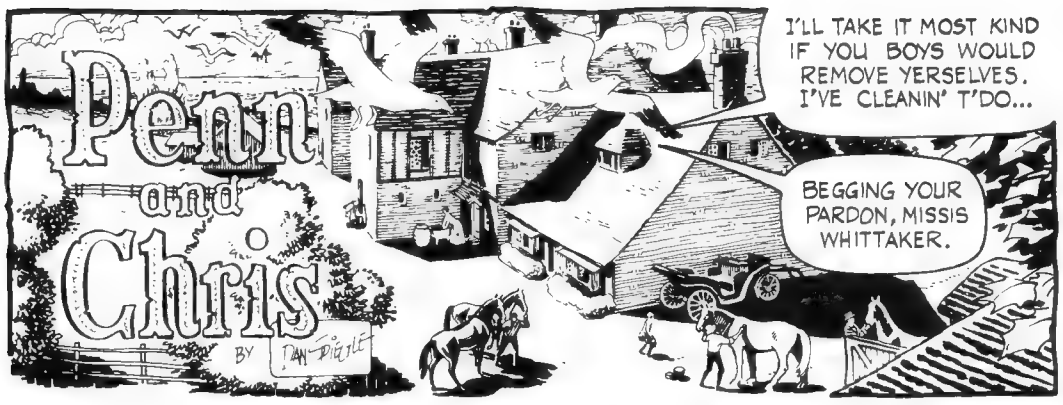
BOY, THAT **SUPERFAN** HAS A **WAY WITH WORDS,** DOESN'T HE, SKUTCH? **SKUTCH?**

ZZZZZZZZZZ..



Chapter Three: 'CAUGHT' ...continuing a great new mystery story of the sea

© 1973 by Dan Spiegle


Penn and Chris
BY DAN SPIEGLE
I'LL TAKE IT MOST KIND IF YOU BOYS WOULD REMOVE YERSELVES. I'VE CLEANIN' T'DO...
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, MISSIS WHITTAKER.

YOU VENTURE MISSIS WHITTAKER IS THE TALE-BEARER FOR MISTER MOODUS, CHRIS?
FOR AUGHT ONE KNOWS./ MISTER MOODUS *DID* SAY THAT *SOMEONE* IN THIS HOUSE WOULD SLIP HIM TIDINGS IF WE ATTEMPT TO LAY BARE HIS EVIL PLOT./

MAYHAP TH' COOK, MISSIS Mc CLURE...
I COULD IN NO WAY IMAGINE SUCH A KIND AND JOLLY WOMAN-
TOP O'TH' MORNIN', LADS YOU'VE JUST TIME FOR A BITE BEFORE TH' FAMILY LEAVES FOR CHURCH.

LATER...
AH./ MASTERS PENN AND CHRIS./ I DARE SAY YOU SEEMED TO BE WOOLGATHERING DURING MY SERMON. I HOPE THERE BE NO ADVERSITY FOR YOU.
WE HAVE TO TELL *SOMEBODY*, REVEREND WINFIELD./ WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LISTEN TO OUR ISSUE?

MOODUS IS FOREVER WATCHING, BRIDGET.!.. AND YOUR FATHER SCARCE BELIEVES HE IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THOSE SHIPWRECKS. HOW'LL WE FIND A BODY WHO'LL LISTEN TO US?

Penn and Chris

BY DAN SPIEGLE

I FAIR DREAD THE THOUGHT OF MISTER MOODUS ESPYING US HERE./

AYE./ AN' HE LEFT NO MANNER O'DOUBT THAT OUR BONES WOULD BE FOUND ON TH' BEACH IF WE UNVEILED HIS VILLAINOUS PLAN./

I TRUST REVEREND WINFIELD. PERCHANCE HE CAN SET TO REST THIS ISSUE.

GOOD DAY CHILDREN./ COME IN OUT OF THE WIND./

WE WITNESSED OUR TUTOR, MISTER MOODUS, PLACING A LAMP ON GRAN'PAPA'S GRAVE-STONE DURING THE LAST STORM.

IT WAS SHINING OUT TO SEA LIKE A BEACON./

FATHER GIVES LITTLE CREDENCE TO OUR STORY.... INSTEAD EMBRACING MOODUS' VIEW THAT HE WAS STROLLING IN THE RAIN.

WE SAW HIM *RUNNING*.... NOT STROLLING./

H'MM.... AND WHAT MIGHT HIS REASON BE?

CAP'N KEEL AN' HIS SALVAGE SHIP IS ALONGSIDE FORTHWITH./ ALWAYS AHEAD OF ANY OTHER./

I DARE SAY THEY BE PARTNERS, SIR./

TO THE EYE, MISTER MOODUS STANDS FORTH AS A GENTLEMAN. PERCHANCE IT'S ALL A FANCY—

NO?

THEN I TRUST YOU HAVE A PLAN?

THERE'S TALK OF A STOUT NOR'EASTER TONIGHT... AN' TWO MERCHANT SHIPS DUE IN KINGS HARBOR./

AYE./ AN' IF THEY SHOULD PASS BY OUR PLACE LOOKING FOR THE POINT NEPTUNE LIGHT AN' SIGHT MISTER MOODUS' LAMP — WELL, THEY'LL BE ON OUR ROCKS LIKE PENN AN' CHRIS' SHIP WAS./

IGOD./ WE CAN ILL AFFORD THE RISK./ COME./ LET'S BE OFF./

Penn and Chris

BY DAN SPIEGLE

YOUR FORE-CAST WAS STERLING, CHRIS./ 'TIS A BRAWNY NOR'EASTER AND THAT'S THE GOSPEL./

STAY DOWN 'TILL WE CLEAR "STONEWICK"./ WE DARE NOT ALLOW FATHER TO SPY US./

HA./ A LIGHT DOWN BY THE CEMETARY./

AYE./ IT CAN'T BE SEEN FROM OUR HOUSE

WHAT MIGHT *THAT* BE?

CRUNCH! CRASH!

TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE, STRAIGHTWAY./ BUT WATCH YOUR FOOTING./

IT BE UNCOMMONLY DARK./ TAKE CARE./

GREAT HEAVEN./ ANOTHER SHIP ON THE ROCKS./

IT WAS THAT FALSE BEACON AGAIN./

PENARTH

BUT WHERE IS IT NOW?

AH./ IF IT TRUELY BE MISTER MOODUS, HE'S UNCOMMONLY CRAFTY AS WELL./

Penn and Chris

BY DAN SPIEGLE

TWO SHIPS WITHIN THE MONTH, CAPTAIN REDDING./ AND NOW THE "PENARTH" LAY ON THE ROCKS AT THE BASE OF YOUR CLIFFS./

THERE BE CERTAIN SIGNS POINTING TO YOUR TUTOR, MISTER MOODUS AS BEING—

WHAT SIGNS, REVEREND WINFIELD? PENN, CHRIS AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS FANCY THEY SAW MOODUS WITH A LANTERN? IF HE SHOULD ELECT TO STROLL, AFTER DARK, HE WOULD *NEED* A LIGHT.....

IT IS INDEED CERTAIN THAT CAPTAIN KEEL, WITH HIS SALVAGE SHIP, IS EXCEEDINGLY FORTUITOUS./ TO HEAVE IN SIGHT STRAIGHT-WAY, AFTER ALL THREE SHIPWRECKS, SEEMS MORE THAN SHOULD FALL TO ONE'S LOT./

TO ALL APPEARANCE THEY BE *PARTNERS!*

WE MUST FIND PROOF BEFORE REVEREND WINFIELD LEAVES, BRIDGET./ IS MISTER MOODUS IN HIS QUARTERS?

NO HE LEFT FOR KINGS HARBOR THIS MORN. SAID HE'D BE THE DAY.

CAPITAL./ THIS MIGHT BE OUR CHANCE./

AH./ HE LEFT HIS WINDOW AJAR./ YOU APPRISE ME IF HE SHOULD RETURN.

DO BE CAREFUL, PENN./

WHAT EVER I'M LOOKING FOR WOULD SCARCE BE IN THE OPEN./.... PERCHANCE THIS CHEST....

SHIP'S LOGS./ AND ON TOP.....THE LATEST... *PENARTH./* IT FOLLOWS ... MOODUS, BEING A SCHOLAR, COULD NOWISE DESTROY A BOOK, NO MATTER *HOW* IT WOULD BEAR OUT AGAINST HIM!

PENARTH SHIP'S LOG

WHA..?

MISTER MOODUS!

YOU'VE LAID EYES ON YOUR LAST SHIP'S LOG, MASTER PENN./

TO BE CONTINUED

The WONDERWORLD FORUM

FORUM is open to your comments and opinions about the whole world of WONDERWORLD, from the newspaper strip to the comic book tale and the graphic story to the animated film. Address your contributions to "Forum," c/o WONDERWORLD, P. O. Box 16168, Long Beach, California 90806.

Dan Gheno: E-MAN=MUNDANE COMICS^2

AFTER A LONG hiatus in the profitable land of horror, romance and licensed funny animals, Charlton has re-entered the superhero field with a vengeance. Financially stronger now than it was when it abdicated the battlefield of costumed crime-fighters, the company is vigorously pushing their first new effort, E-Man. They've designed a new logotype for their line, published promotional posters of E-Man (who displays the symbol "E=MC^2" on his chest), and have even gone so far as to *give away* copies of *E-Man* 1 at the New York Comic Art Convention!

Charlton has gone gung-ho on everything. That is, they've gone gung-ho on every aspect *except* the comic book itself.

One wonders if Charlton is trying to commit hari kari. After working so hard on promotion, they picked, as the book's foundation, a format which continually proves disasterous in a comic book — science fiction. In all of comic book history, not one science fiction title has been a run-away success.

Sure, "Adam Strange" did well in its heyday. But keep in mind that Adam Strange was a more personal character than most science fiction protagonists. Editors of the majority of the foremost science fiction comics — comics that bombed — had the idea that an impersonal approach, emphasizing machines and science, sold better than comics with strong character development—and that's what killed most science fiction comics in the past.

Charlton also felt the impersonal approach was the way to go. And they've gone one step further. Rather than merely keeping the human characters in the background, Nicola Cuti, the scripter, doesn't even bother to introduce a visible character until page 6—and "E-Man" is a fifteen-page feature.

For five pages, E-Man's origin is related to the reader without so much as mentioning the word *flesh*. Humanity, the ingredient so necessary in a winning title with universal appeal, is completely absent. First the reader is told how a thinking piece of energy breaks away from a blazing star and begins roaming space, searching for its identity. Then the energy meets up with a spaceship full of robots from Alpha Centuri. The spaceship is on its way to test a powerful device on Pluto. In the energy's attempt to get the robots' attention, however, he merely succeeds in throwing their ship off course, and they crash-land on Earth, instead.

Paradoxically, these first five pages, the impersonal section, are the most interesting part of the story. Like much science fiction, E-Man is founded on a sound imaginative premise. But regretably, like most science fiction, the storyline simply deteriorates into mediocrity after a while.

The book especially crumbles when the author finally does introduce a few human characters. The dialog becomes stilted and impossibilities are accepted as everyday fact, without any foreshadowing to make them convincing. There are too many abrupt changes in the players, and — after a long build-up — their problems are solved with ridiculous ease. Simply put, the last nine pages of the story are as cliched as the first five pages are imaginative.

After the spaceship crashes, the energy meets a voluptuous redhead who casually accepts his ability to change his matter molocules into whatever form—human, animal, or mineral—he chooses. They become good friends. Then they decide to investigate some strange happening occuring near the area where the aliens' spaceship had crashed. They find that the aliens are testing out a hate weapon on the humans, and they promptly put the bad guys out of business.

On the whole, the art is very appealing. Staton shows good use of dramatic layouts. His inking is very consistent, and his detailing is moderate and un-florid. Unfortunately, though, the story holds so little interest and the resolution of the problems, painstakingly built-up over the course of the story, is so unfulfilling that no amount of good art or publicity could possibly help the book.

Instead of the lasting success that Charlton hopes for, and has come to expect from its profitable mystery line, E-Man may just bomb—commercially, not to mention artistically.

—DAN GHENO

RECOMMENDED: Bill G. Wilson's THE COLLECTOR 27 ($1.00, from 1535 Oneida Dr., Clairton, PA 15025), which features the first successful Steve Ditko "Narrative essay" in a long, long while. Marred by Ditko's abominable lettering and by the meanly narrow space he allows between the panels, the story still manages to work dramatically. Ditko is often criticized for his philosophy—but he remains the only mainstream comics artist who has put his money where his mouth is...COMIXSCENE 5 (6 issues for $4.00, from Supergraphics, Box 445, Wyomissing, PA 19610) is an extraordinarily handsome issue. Art by publisher Jim Steranko, Jack Kirby, Joe Kubert, Barry Smith, Jesse Santos, Wallace Wood, and more; articles and news features by editor Gary Brown, Ken Bruzenak, and Don Glut—all in the giant Sword & Sorcery issue. And more exceptional issues

the LIMITED EDITION PRESS

are on the way...FOOM, the Steranko-edited Marvel fan magazine, is now it its second issue. Good photo coverage of the Marvel production department, plus news and features. For younger readers, it'll interest older ones, too...COMIC DETECTIVE 3 ($1.00, from Bart Bush, 713 Sugar Maple, Ponca City, OK 74601) has an interview with Dick Tracy's Chester Gould, four pages of outstanding "Dick Tracy" promotional strips (including the early bottom strip, "Cigarette Sadie"), a fascinating Rick Durell discovery of mid-'30s censorship—and much, much more about "Dick Tracy"...Kenneth Smith's PHANTASMAGORIA 3 ($3.00 through October 31st, $5.00 thereafter, from Box 20020-A, LSU Station, Baton Rouge, LA 70803) is literally a work of art, and is by far the best that Smith has yet done. One of the most impressive publications ever to come from the limited edition press — and one worthy of your complete support... Biljo White, one of the finest fan magazine publishers the comics field has ever known, has a new magazine about newspaper comics—THE STRIPPER. Buy it! (50¢, from Bill White, P. O. Box 440, Columbia, MO 65201.)...THE JASOOMIAN 10 ($1.50, from William Dutcher, P. O. Box 1305, Yuba City, CA 95991) features exceptional coverage of ERB, including two strips—and never-before-published letters from ERB to his first editor that are extraordinarily revealing. A must for Burroughs fans. —RICHARD KYLE

The Round Table

THE AIR PIRATES, CONTINUED

Funny how it all gets re-cycled in the public mind. I admire Walt Disney for several reasons, but none of them have to do with art. To me, a successful entrepreneur is worthy of praise, and I have to hand it to Disney, the only human being in history to recreate the fantasy world of his own childhood not only for himself but for everyone else to live in. He got away with it, and that is a beautiful (however deadly) thing. The idea that he is a graphic artist, genuine or otherwise, deserves no rebuttal. Disney organized a structure within which graphic artists could learn and work, but he would have been a far better human being if he had honored his artists with the recognition due them for their contribution to that company. He did not. In my estimation, the few Disney accomplishments in the area of animation are outweighed by all the pure bilge he dumped on the public the rest of the time. Given the freedom to do so, many of his assembly-line artists and animators would have produced quality work and perhaps have elevated the art of animation to an adult level from time to time (as Baskshi failed to do in "Fritz the Cat"), but Disney was not a man to allow others any autonomy in his operation.

Truth is, few of my own feelings were represented in that Air Pirates article. I simply passed along the story of the rebellion against Disney and the reasons for it. I favor anyone's right to parody anything, and do not feel any copyright was infringed in the Air Pirates' *Funnies*. It's more subtle in the case of a billion-dollar corporation like WDP, however. What is involved there is a monopoly of human fantasy. To me, Disney has been given the right to spread a simplistic and sentimental and unnatural ethic *forever* and in all parts of the earth. I feel that ethic to be detrimental to human development. It should be attacked for this reason. This is 1973, and we do not live in the rural world of Disney's childhood and those sentimental precepts appropriate to that world are anachronistic and dangerous in this time. Considered from an adult point of view, a work like "Snow White," for example, undergoes subtle changes. The Queen is not evil at all, simply an aging woman afraid of the threat of a younger and more sexually viable woman, and her character is the only one which is shown to develop in the film. Everything else is unnatural and sentimentalized and overtly sexist. Animals do not cooperate in nature, they compete; and the species do not live peacefully in harmony, they prey on one another. I saw "Snow White" again just a few months ago, and my feelings were quite different than they were when I saw it as a child. I saw Snow White as a slave, a woman with no sensibility at all; while I saw the queen as a powerful woman, one with passion and desire.

I won't defend the Air Pirates. To me, they blew it. There was so much that needed to be deflated in the Disney mythos and could have been deflated, but they weren't up to the job. A few panels of insight and a lot of scribbling. Graphically, those *Air Pirates* books will stand among the worst examples in the future. And the reason is simple: each of the individual artists was interested in his own personal work at the time.

To me, Mickey Mouse—concept, character, drawing, or anything else—has always been disgusting, and it's no wonder the term is one of contempt among intellectuals. Minnie Mouse doesn't even deserve comment. I'd say both were "gross and designed for shock value," to borrow Mr. Zuber's phrase. He's evidently forgotten Disney's anal humor, and scenes from the early cartoons like "Steamboat Willy" (1928) where Mickey picks up a pig and plays music on her teats. Personally, I wouldn't bother comparing a fine graphic novel like Justin's *Binky Brown Meets the Holy Virgin Mary* with that cute corporate crap ground out at WDP. Justin Green is an honest artist and his biographical comic book was an important event in the history of graphic art. He did not draw it with an eye to commercial sales (Disney has thousands of stockholders; underground companies do not); as a matter of fact, the book was drawn before any deal had been made with a publisher. The majority of underground comicx are. Only a few artists have regular contracts with specific companies. Had Justin wanted to grind out some sex and violence "designed for shock value," he need not have written an honest work like *Binky Brown*.

Clay Geerdes
Berkeley, California

In the beginning, Disney gave full credit to Ub Iwerks, who designed the visual Mickey Mouse but did not create the character—only to face Iwerks as a competing cartoon producer, established in business by money-men who wanted Disney's market...

WONDERWORLD 9

I especially liked "Penn and Chris." It's the only strip that's interested me in years.

Ron Haydock
Las Vegas, Nevada

The Bernard Prince story was just great! I hope the time eventually comes when all these great yarns are done in English.

John Rose
La Crosse, Kansas

Please, more articles like Russ Manning's "Dell to the Rescue." Dan Spiegle's "Penn and Chris" is superbly written and drawn—his very best! And Greg and Hermann's "The Victims" is further proof that *most* American writers and artists have much to learn...

Kurt Zimmerman
New York, N.Y.

There were all kinds of good things in WONDERWORLD 9. Especially enjoyable was the "Bernard Prince" short story. I hope there are more such things in store for us—if not "Bernard Prince," perhaps something else from the French-language comic magazines, or from other European comics.

(I recently discovered that *Pilote* and *Tintin* are distributed here in Oshawa. 'Twas quite a pleasant surprise, and even though it takes quite a while to read them—my four years of high school French is not very adequate—they are a joy to look at. Why didn't we use them to help us learn French in high school?)

The editorial was interesting. But my own feeling is that comics and the graphic story will never reach the importance and acclaim given to film. They will become more important as the '70s progress—but only if the above-ground companies realize that most of the junk they're turning out is not going to sell forever, and that they are slowly killing themselves. The problem is that not many people know of the underground comix and the fine, fine work of Corben, Metzger, Irons, and so on. And it is almost impossible to convince the general public that good, well-thought-out, in-depth stories can be done in the graphic story. It is impossible for them to see any potential in the form. "It's comics, that's superhero stuff," and so on. And if you show them really interesting stories, it becomes, "That's interesting, but it's comics." Generally people won't accept anything but the traditional material (superhero, Archie, etc.) found in comics. If there is anything new done, it is rejected.

My views about the potential of the graphic story are much the same as WONDERWORLD's, however, and for this reason I'm looking forward to your two new magazines.

Mike Cherkas
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

But there was a time when superhero and Archie-type comics were not "traditional material." They were once innovations...

For a decade, graphic story magazines around the world have been growing and developing, each in its own individual way. In Japan, the emphasis has been on the long comics novel (often of hundreds of pages), and on a form of visual storytelling with roots deep in film animation. In Europe, the emphasis has been on excellence in writing and illustration (reflecting influences from the formal, traditional arts) and on technical superiority—and the European albums are of an artistic and production quality surpassing anything printed anywhere else in the world. In the U.S., the preoccupation has been with ideational content (primarily in underground comix, but in traditional comic books, as well) and with storytelling—with the fundamental grammar of the medium. Each approach has now reached its own natural limit—and now graphic story creators everywhere are discovering the innovations of their contemporaries. A new, mature, graphic story is about to emerge.

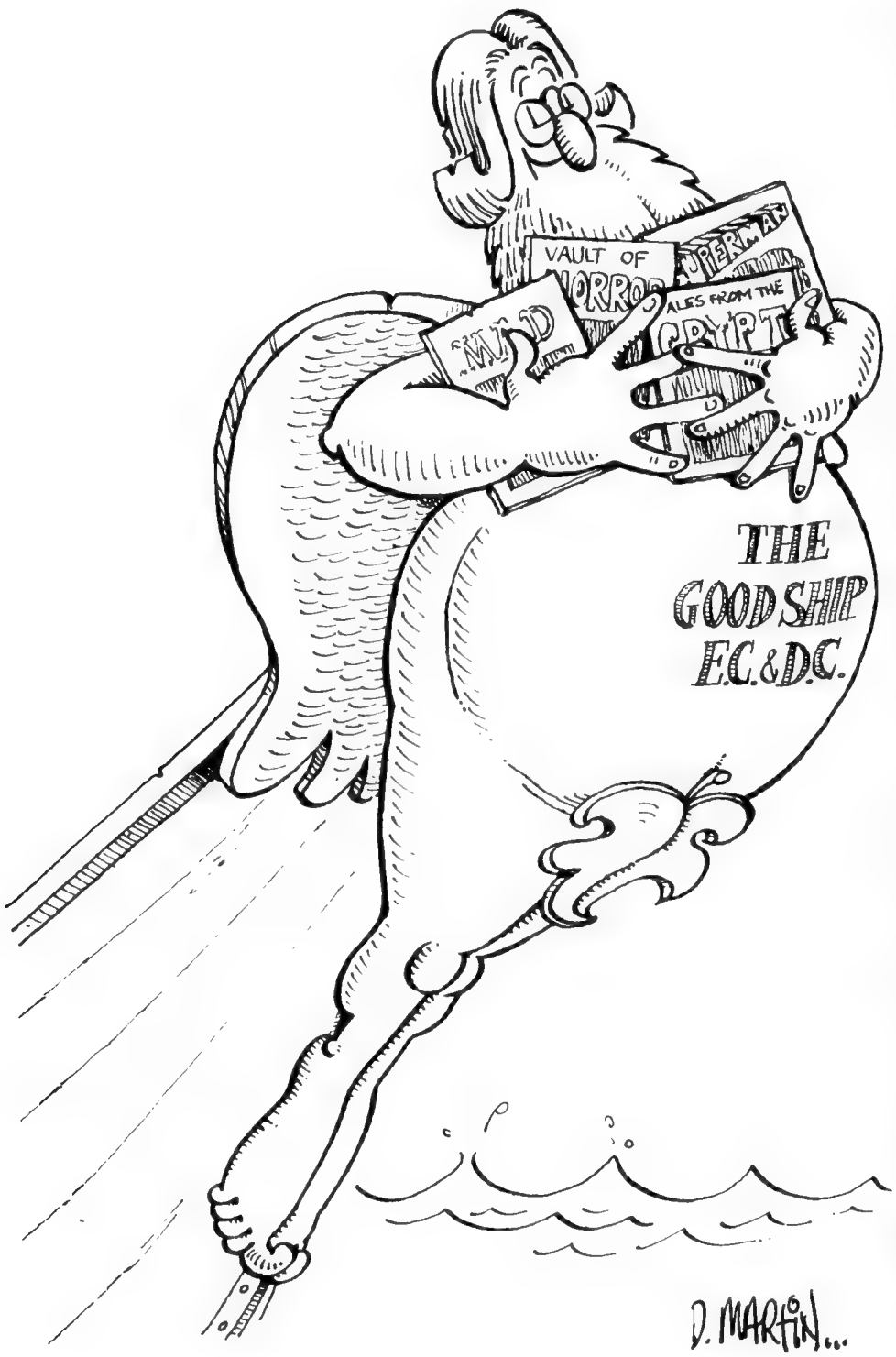
The field has *been held back (particularly in the U.S.) by the extraordinary short-sightedness of the majority of its publishers and editors and writers and artists, and it is no wonder that the general public is so cynical about the comics field. But work of excellence has been published, and edited, and written, and drawn—and when it has reached its natural audience, it has always been successful. When at last a magazine appears that is aimed at the adult audience that can support it—without concession to the juvenile readership—and features stories of genuine excellence and uses the full grammar of the medium, without apology, it will succeed. Its success will be extraordinary, and it will revitalize the* entire *magazine field.*

Address your letters to: WONDERWORLD, P. O. Box 16168, Long Beach, California 90806.

THE RIME OF THE VALIANT PUBLISHER

by J. De Fuccio

(With profound apology to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and a passing shrug to the present William M. Gaines.)



He is a valiant Publisher,
And he steereth all E.C.
O'er ink-stained waves of paper pulp
Awash with lunacy.

With gray beard flapping in the wind,
He guides his flagship, "MAD",
And beckons all who pass to hear
His tale both long and sad.

"In youthful days," Bill Gaines begins,
"I sailed my way to fame
With classics like 'Tales From The Crypt'.
Recall that honored name?

" 'The Vault Of Horror', also mine,
Was grisly as could be.
I manned its helm and proudly cruised
The Horror Comic Sea.

"Then, twenty years or more ago,
I phased out every ghoul,
And launched this little rag called 'MAD'
Whoo boy! Was I the fool!

"For I'd killed off the ones I loved,
Those creatures from the grave.
Now, Alf E. Neuman took their place.
My soul I could not save."

The graybeard stops to shed a tear.
"I never dreamed," quoth he,
"A funny comic could succeed
For all eternity.

"Yet I've grown middle-aged and plump
Here at the helm of 'MAD'.
And just look at the crew I've got
If you don't think that's bad."

The graybeard gestures toward his staff,
And all who watch fall still;
To think such motley clowns should mix
With cultured folk like Bill.

His reminiscing now complete,
Gaines turns to pace the deck,
And stroke the golden albatross
He wears around his neck.

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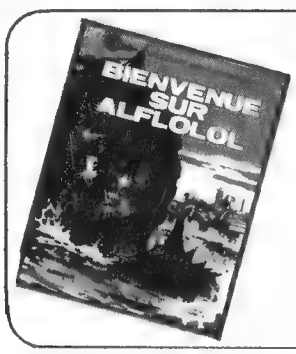

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—Robbie Landeros

DEMONIC COMICS THE NEW MARVELS

WHEN I WAS a kid, God and Satan were taboo subjects. They were omnipresent, yet unmentionable. It was as if their names alone could call forth more careful scrutiny of one's actions. Euphemisms were as often applied to religion as to sexual matters, and neither appeared openly in the comic books of the time.

Imagine my reaction when I picked up on what was happening in some of the Marvel Comics of the '70s. God and the Devil fighting for the soul of Man on the cover of *The Power of Warlock*. Johnny Blaze confronting Satan in both his own form and that of the Witch Woman on the front of *Ghost Rider* 2. And what has to be the most incredible cover ever done at Marvel—Daimon Hellstrom, the Son of Satan, carrying a young blonde woman off to Hell in his chariot on the front of *Marvel Spotlight* 12, that one entitled "The Son of Satan," and telling the story of a young man who prays and serves God during the daylight hours, only to find himself transformed into the Son of Satan when darkness falls.

What the hell is this? Fall-out from the Jesus Freaks? Will contemporary American adolescent boys accept the Son of Satan as a vengeful costumed superhero? Will this have any effect on the Holy Writ? Has the Pope received His copy? What will Billy Graham and Marjoe think?

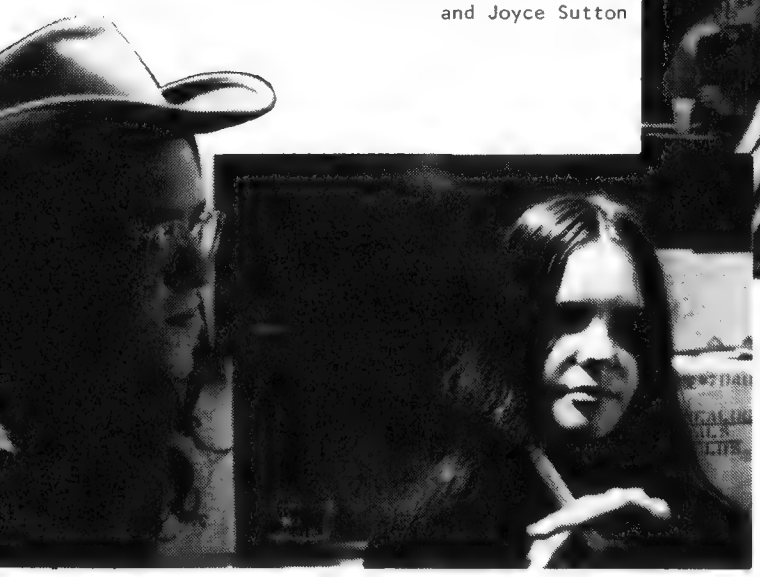
IT ALL HAPPENED very slowly. Marvel's stable kept getting more and more mundane and boring. Spider-Man was running out of villains to fit his neuroses, and the relationship between Daredevil and the Black Widow seemed to be making scant progress. The Silver Surfer, well-loved by us all, sailed off into oblivion after eighteen issues. Thor was a bore, and the Avengers and Fantastic Four even more. The word was "relevancy" at the time, and that's what all the comics were after. What about those Blacks? Get a Black artist and come up with something. Billy Graham came up with *Luke Cage: Hero for Hire*, a kind of Black Frankenstein's Monster. The Indians? *Red Wolf*. Women's Liberation? *Claws of the Cat*, *Shaana the She-Devil*, and *Linda Carter: Night Nurse*. All losers, cancelled after four or five issues. All were poor imitations of previous characters (Catwoman, Sheena, and Linda Carter, Student Nurse), and none were conceived and controlled by women artists.

What to do? The pulp was re-cycling well with *Conan the Barbarian*, and the horror books were on top of it, but superheroism was at a low ebb, and even teaming the horror stars up with Spidey and the gang didn't help much.

Well, what about all this religious revivalism? Why not get Jesus into the trip? After all, M.C. Gaines did it back in the late '40s with *Picture Stories from the Bible*. So they didn't sell. So do it different. Don't call him Jesus. Call him Warlock. Make him a male witch. Jesus was like that anyway, changing water into wine and doing other magic tricks. Why not? In 1972, "The Power of Warlock" appeared in *Marvel Premiere* 1. The story-line was written by Roy Thomas and the art on that issue was by Gil Kane and Dan Adkins. In that initial issue, the earth was judged a failure by the High Evolutionary (God) who is far out in space. He is immortal and decides to create another Earth, one which will be free of the aggressive killer instinct which he saw destroy the first. Moving to the opposite side of the Sun, he creates Counter-Earth. Meanwhile, a cocoon has come to his space ship, one which contains a nameless being known as "Him," the one who, once born, will be sent to save Counter-Earth from the Man-Beast, a demon accidentally created by the High Evolutionary, one committed to making sure the new world will go the way of the old. Obviously, this is all based upon Genesis, and select parts of the New Testament. Once again God is sending His Son to save the world.

"Warlock" ran two *Premiere* issues then went into his own title. This ran eight issues, ending in the October 1973 issue, with Mike Friedrich scripting the final issue and Bob Brown and Tom Sutton handling the art. Newsstand sales were low, according to the editors, forcing the title to end, but the reason those sales were low probably lies elsewhere. As in all of the superhero magazines, Marvel used the usual methods to try to increase interest and sales in *Warlock*. Known characters like Doctor Doom were brought in, and numerous beasts and monsters were conceived to fight this blond ancestor of Jesus, and it's my contention that this is precisely what destroyed interest in the book. The same thing was done with *Luke Cage*. All of the rich material available in Harlem and little of it is used—instead, Doctor Doom and other characters out of the Marvel stable are sandwiched in when the creative level runs low. As soon as the readers see that they are being given the same stock material and situations in a new title, they get bored and sales drop off. It is interesting that Luke Cage is Black—but his color is not going to sustain him any more than the Cat was sustained by her femininity. Unless something is significant

Women's Comics Panel at the Berkeley Convention: Patricia Moodian, Shelby, Lee Marrs, Trina, Sharon Rudall, Chin Lively, and Joyce Sutton



Bobby "Dirty Duck" London and Shary "Trots & Bonnie" Flenniken—ex-Air Pirates, now drawing for the NATIONAL LAMPOON

about gender and race, the reader is soon going to discover that he is being sold a Spider-Man in blackface; as for Cat, there was no reason why a male couldn't have done the role, and it's certain that few women readers bought the Women's Liberation hype.

Warlock ends up fighting demons and the last issue ends in a stalemate between the character and symbolic evil. Since the advent of Superman in the late '30s, the superhero has always been identified with the good, and few readers had trouble accepting the goodness of Warlock. On the other hand, when traditionally evil characters like Dracula are presented with the balance of sympathy on their side, it is conceivable that the everyday reader, whatever his religion, might become upset. Marvel's Count Dracula often spares his victims and acts in other humanitarian ways which lead to strong reader identification. This amounts to an acceptance, however partial, of the demonic. The Monster created by Frankenstein was always treated sympathetically, but only because he was not essentially evil; if there was an ungodly act, it was Frankenstein's assumption of God's role which was manifested in his creation of the Monster. Vampires and werewolves were always associated with evil. Dracula's victims became demons and served him. What will happen if Spider-Man is ever bitten by Count Morbius, Marvel's other vampire-in-residence, we may only conjecture.

SHORTLY AFTER THE debut of Warlock, Marvel revived another character, The Ghost Rider, only this time he was not cast in a western setting, but in the role of a demon biker with a blazing skull, a being halfway between earth and Hell. The concept was Gary Friedrich's and the artist was Mike Ploog, a young man whose genius is well-known to anyone who has seen *Monster of Frankenstein* or *Werewolf by Night*. The Ghost Rider first appeared in *Marvel Spotlight* 5, August 1972. A young man named Johnny Blaze made a deal to serve Satan if his paternal friend Crash Simpson were spared a terminal disease. Satan follows through. Simpson dies in a bike stunt, not from the disease, and Satan claims Johnny for his man. In the daytime, he is his normal self, a pro-biker like Evel Knievel, but at night his skull bursts into flame and he becomes the Ghost Rider, Satan's servant. The same formula is used in *Werewolf by Night*, where Jack Russell becomes a werewolf when the moon is full, and it will be used one more time in "The Son of Satan." An idea is used with as many variations as possible at Marvel, and when it is a successful one, the readers don't seem to protest.

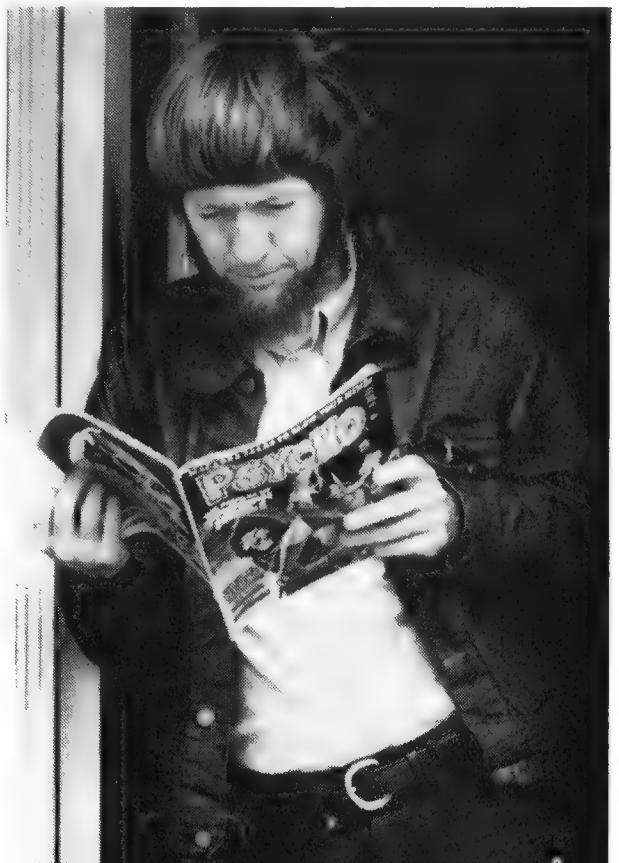
At National, Jack Kirby is using the same basic formula in *The Demon*. Jason Blood, who exists in the contemporary world, contains the power to transform himself into a Medieval Demon. In this case, the Demon is not a minion of the Devil, but a superhero. Again, the Christian system of values has undergone a reversal. "The Son of Satan" is clearly inspired by Kirby's "Demon"—but Marvel is going even further into the realm of Satan. In *Vampire Tales* 2, a black-&-white magazine, Satana, the Devil's daughter is introduced. In the Ghost Rider series, Johnny Blaze tries to escape and Satan chases him down in the form of Witch Woman. As is common with Marvel, many of these characters and stories intersect at various points, hence the story of Daimon Hellstrom begins in *Ghost Rider* 2 and is continued in the first issue of *Marvel Spotlight* 12 in "The Son of Satan."

Hellstrom? He defines himself: "I am a man dominated by two characters! In the daylight hours, I am the puny, religious weakling Daimon Hellstrom, sworn enemy of my father! But by night, my true and rightful heritage takes control—and I become my father's son!" "The Son of Satan" is an amazing conception, probably the most imaginative and original idea I've read in a long time. Hellstrom is in rebellion against Satan, his father, and in the first issue he rides into Hell on a fiery chariot to fight it out with him. His power is manifest in a golden-pronged elemental trident which gives him power over the elements and protects him from his father. His purpose is patricide, but the reasons are not given. Just how good may be born of evil will, no doubt, be explained in future issues, but it's certain that "The Son of Satan" is a comic which is going to raise a lot of questions. If Satan is presented in his own identity, will God be far behind?

Will the next *Marvel Spotlight* be on *Jesus Christ*?

—CLAY GEERDES

Clay Geerdes



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(SOB) YOU--YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND, TOM. LILA TOLD ME EVERYTHING! I'LL GET OUT OF YOUR LIFE!

B-BUT--I--I--(SOB)
I THOUGHT THAT OLD BOAT OF YOURS WOULD NEVER COME IN, BART. COME ON--THE CROWD IS WAITING FOR US. WE'RE GOING SWIMMING AND HAVE A FISH FRY!

HU—NO WONDER KRAG FOUGHT! SEE HER BABY! LOOK AT HIM SPIT AND SNARL AT ME! HU—WHAT A PET HE WOULD MAKE!
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WE FEAST WELL TODAY, SABRE! GOOD WORK!

THUNDA

Just before rehearsal the following day, I raided my wardrobe for the best, and dressed with deliberate care...

THERE--IF I DON'T MAKE SOME SORT OF IMPRESSION TODAY, HE'S MADE OF STONE. I'LL JUST TELL THEM I'M GOING ON TO A PARTY AFTER REHEARSAL!

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A chorus of whistles greeted me as I entered the theatre, but I only had eyes for Jeff who was talking to the director...

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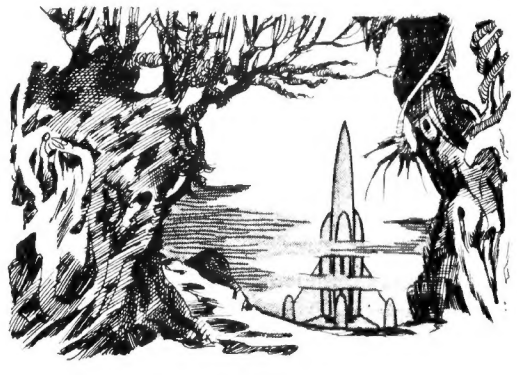
IN A WEEK, THE MASS OF OOZING SLOP HAD GROWN TO A COLOSSUS! THE WHOLE NATION WAS IN A PANIC OVER THIS SEEMINGLY INDESTRUCTIBLE MONSTER...
IT'S COMING!
IT WILL KILL US ALL! ENVELOPE THE TOWN...



50 GIRLS 50

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BEYOND TIME and AGAIN
by Metzger
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A tavern in the City of Magicians....

...and Seth of Comstock listens – for the Weremen hunt for him...

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